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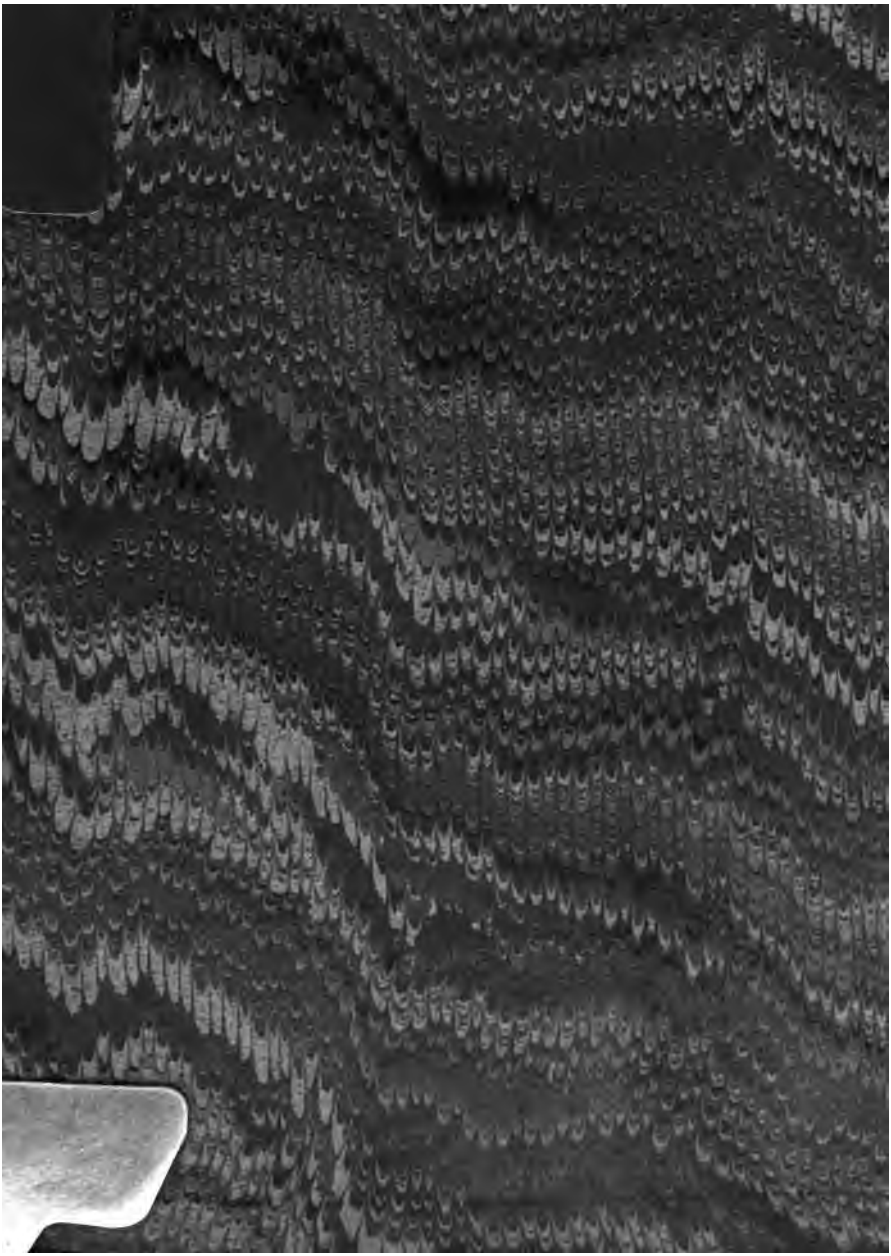
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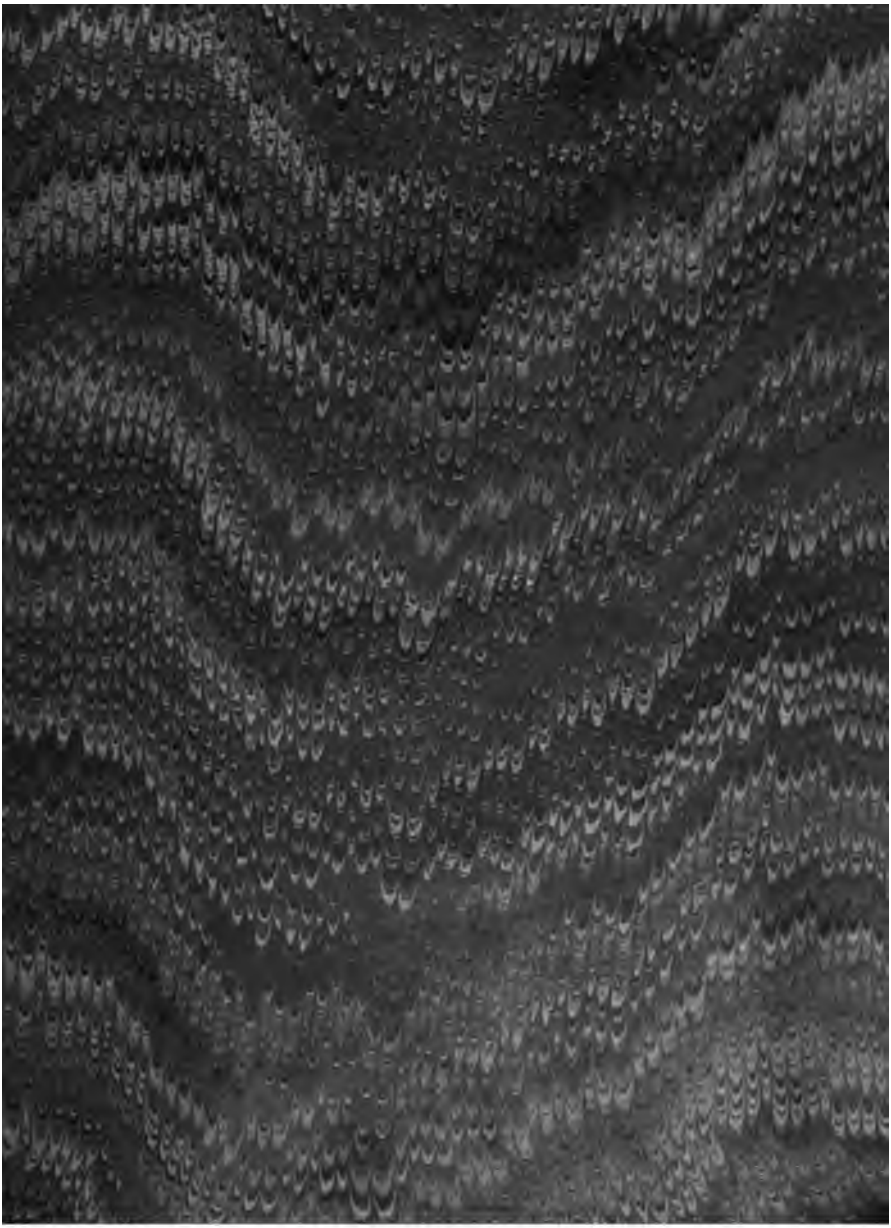
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HEART-MELODIES.





HEART MELODIES.

HEART MELODIES.

THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE

NEW HYMNS AND PSALMS,

FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP OR DOMESTIC USE.

"Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making MELODY IN YOUR HEART to the Lord.

"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*The Epistle to the Ephesians*, Chap. V. 18—20.

BY HENRY BATEMAN.

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MDCCCLXII.

100. n. 83.


BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·
DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

If an Apology is necessary for the publication of New Hymns, it must be permitted me to say (whatever the Literary penalty), I would rather be the writer of a Hymn which should be a Heart-Melody for Christians, the world over, than author of the most popular Poem ever written; hence this volume, presented in hope, and with the prayer that God will bless it to the comfort and edification of his Church Universal.

Long and varied experience has made me very sensible of what a true Hymn ought to be; I am well aware there are, herein, some Poems rather than Hymns, for which excuse may be urged, that the book is proposed for Domestic Use, as well as Public Worship; and, moreover, that a group of Three Hundred and Sixty-five New Hymns, pure and simple, would scarcely obtain acceptance, and be read.

There is an experiment in Nos. XXXI., XXXII., XXXIII.,—Hymns without Rhymes. In singing, sense and rhythm alone are essentials; the note is made, however, to direct attention, and prevent suspicion of heedlessness.

The restricted length of each Hymn is intentional—a harder task sometimes than extension; the object being to exhibit Opinion as to what a Hymn-book should be: (1) without necessity to turn the page during singing; (2) with consideration for old and young persons, to whom length is weariness; (3) to put an effectual restraint on the

enthusiasm of choirs; (4) to take away all excuse for selection of verses, by, oftentimes, very incompetent selectors; and (5), specially, for concentration in each Hymn to one subject.

The world—even the Christian world—acts as if it were right to appropriate, to use a gentle word, any Hymn in print; it is suggested, that if application for permission to reprint any of these Hymns were made to the author, through his publisher, immediate and courteous reply would be given.

H. B.

1862.

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INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

I.

CALL TO PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praises to my God while I have my being. My meditation of Him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord."—Psalm civ. 33, 34.

Now let us sing, we Christian men, a goodly song of praise,
To our so gracious Lord and God, who righteous is always;
Who watcheth with so kindly heed, our every rising care,
And comforteth, and cherisheth, with mercies, everywhere!

Oh mark ye well his faithfulness, his will to help and cheer,
And ever his strong championing, when danger cometh near;
Aye honour Him with reverence, who is, and does, the right,
Whose discipline is holiness, whose love is infinite.

A gladsome song and resonant, may well indeed be sung,
With thrilling pleasantness of voice, and blithesome flow of tongue,
To Him, who in the affluence and boundless power of love,
Has satisfied and solaced us with promised rest above.

So let there be the minstrelsy of thankfulness and joy,
Without one mingling discord tone of world-strife to alloy;
Thus will we sing to Christ our King, we Christian men and true,
The loyal praise, that glad hearts raise; our devoir, and his due!

II.

EXCELSIOR.

"*I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*"—Phil. iv. 14.

ONWARD and Upward! with progress unceasing,
Cheerful and hopeful, we hold on our way;
Brighter and purer the sunshine increasing,
Ever, as nearer we draw to the day.

Onward! through hindrance and foes us surrounding,
Onward! though heart-aches and sorrows depress;
Help from God's merciful kindness abounding,
Always shall comfort, and strengthen, and bless.

Upward! our Lord, who hath passed on before us,
All the long journey's discouragements knows,
Watches with tender solicitude o'er us,
Guidance and grace all sufficient bestows.

Onward and Upward! the daylight is breaking!
Hark, to the songs from above us that come!
Onward and Upward! then rest—and our waking,
Peace and rejoicing for ever! at Home!

III.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

"I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Rom. xii. 1.

Let us, brethren, let us gladly, give to God, of all, our best,
Service hearty, thorough, honest, with a living love imprest;
All our duty, all our striving, all our time to Him belong,
Praise Him then with true devotion, come before Him with a song.

By his mercy, by his bounty, by the gift of Christ his Son,
What great goodness He hath shown us, what high marvels He hath done;
Let us to Him, promptly, freely, yield our bodies and our souls,
Thankful that his love protects us, that his wisdom all controls.

What so happy, what so blessed, as that all we have and are
Should be to Himself presented, with reliance on his care,
With acceptable upyielding, with a reasonable zeal,
All our duty offered bravely, firm and true, through woe and weal.

Gracious Lord, accept our service for the sake of Christ thy Son;
Lo, our hope abideth only on the travail He hath done;
Bless and save us, help and guide us, watch to comfort and restore,
Till in heaven we rest rejoicing, praising thee for evermore!

IV.

GOD'S DAILY GUIDANCE.

"*The Pillar of a Cloud to lead—the way.*"—Exod. xiii. 21.

GRANT, Lord, for our onward journey,
That thy Pillar of a Cloud
May at all times go before us,
While our foes, with clamour loud,
Vexing, troubling,
Round about our pathway crowd.

When the pilgrim road is dreary,
Many a snare and pitfall near,
And the scant light flickers strangely,
Filling us with doubt and fear,
Blessed Saviour!
By thy loving guidance cheer.

Lord, our knowledge, so imperfect,
Needs thy constancy of care,
And our weak, uncertain vision,
Claims thy mercy everywhere,
Till, heaven opened,
We shall walk in daylight there!

V.

GOD'S NIGHTLY CARE.

"*By night the Pillar of Fire to give—light.*"—Exod. xiii 21.

LORD, our hearts with oft bemoaning,
Burthened by a load of grief,
Struggle through their tangled progress;
Where the glimmering light is brief,
And, for dark nights,
We implore thy prompt relief.

Go before us, Lord, most gracious,
In the Pillar of thy Fire,
Opening our eyes to see thee,
Making it our soul-desire
With true footstep,
Onwards, upwards, to aspire.

We will go, Lord, any whither,
If we may but see thee near,
Pressing on through every danger,
Without hesitance or fear,
Thou upholding!
Lord, our plea for succour hear!

VI.

GOOD NEWS.

"*Good tidings of great joy—a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*"—Luke ii. 10, 11.

Good News for the weary, Good News for the sad,
Good News for the anxious and sorrowful soul;
The Gospel hath promises soothing and glad,
Life's burthens to lighten, its fears to control.

Good News for young pilgrims, Good News for the old,
There is guidance and comfort and help for the way;
And mercy unbounded, and blessings untold,
For all who Christ's teaching and counsel obey.

Good News for the soul, if it only believe
The gentle persuasion and plea of his love;
His readiness, all who will come, to receive;
The wisdom that showeth the pathway above.

Good News for poor Sinners! Good News then for me,
The flow of Christ's infinite love ceaseth never;
It is fathomless, boundless, almighty, and free,
Good News to rejoice in for ever and ever!

VII.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

"*The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.*"—Isa. lx. 19, 20.

LIGHTS and Shadows! Lights and Shadows, fall upon the pilgrim's way,
Now the sunshine glowing brightly, promising a summer day;
Then the clouds with gathered grouping, or the dark and starless night;
Lights and Shadows! Lights and Shadows! changes, changes, infinite!

Lights and Shadows! blessings, heart-breaks; pleasant home or couch of pain;
Hopes, delighting, disappointing; foes subdued, to rise again;
Lessons learned and treasured gladly, then forgotten all too soon;
Lights and Shadows! life a sadness, or God's kind and joyous boon!

Lights and Shadows! Lights and Shadows! of ourselves we nothing know,
Yet our hearts have rest and solace in that God would have it so;
Lovingly, with varied teaching, leading us from things of sense,
Safely, through the light and shadow, by his wise omnipotence!

Lights and Shadows! Lights and Shadows! chequering the path of time,
Blessed Saviour, are thy mercies, beacon-guides to bliss sublime;
Meekly, bravely, never fearing, onward, upward, Lord, we press,
To our home of Light unchanging; perfect peace and blessedness!

VIII.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM'S CONFIDENCE.

"*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"—Gal. vi. 14.

TAKE the cross, Christian!
Bear it on bravely;
Fear thou not, Christian!
Though life looms gravely.
Christ is thy help and shield,
He will befriend thee,
And through the darkest night
Cheer, and defend thee.

Forward then, Christian!
Gladly and purely;
Sing thy song, Christian!
Thou may'st sing surely!
On to thy promised home,
Where sin comes never;
Life there is perfect peace,
Ever! For ever!

IX.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM'S SONG.

"*Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing.*"—Psalm c. 2.

Praise the Lord, Christian!
Praise with thanksgiving;
Praise always, Christian!
Whilst thou art living.
Christ claimeth all thy love,
Yield thee, with gladness;
Glad heart more honours Him,
Than heart of sadness.

Serve the Lord, Christian!
Ever adore Him;
Faithfully, Christian!
Waiting before Him.
Christ watcheth over thee,
Lovingly guiding
To his own home and rest,
Bless'd and abiding.

X.

THE TRUMPET CALL.

"*Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.*"—Exod. xiv. 15.

MARCH, March! Let us march, for the trumpet hath sounded,
And friends and companions have passed on before;
March steadfastly on, though with dangers surrounded,
For Christ is our Captain to guide evermore!

March, March! Lo, his banner of Mercy precedes us,
While Hope is the Watchword, and Faith is our shield,
And He who to battle hath summoned us, leads us,
Expecting and claiming the well-foughten field.

March, March! 'Tis his service demands our devotion,
His cause we are called to maintain and defend;
And through all the conflict and tumult-commotion,
His counsel will cheer us, his right arm befriend.

March, March! Let us march, without halting or fearing,
"For Christ!" is our war-cry; in Christ we are strong,
And, conquerors, soon in his presence appearing,
Our life shall be peace, and thanksgiving, and song!

XI.

EXHORTATION TO DECISION.

"*Come in—wherefore standest thou without?*"—Gen. xxiv. 31.

TIME is passing! shadows lengthen! life itself will soon be done,
Opportunities presented, hasten by thee one by one;
Many a mercy, many a blessing, groups of comforts have been given,
Lessons taught thee, sorrows sent thee, hopes permitted thee of heaven.

God hath called thee, Christ is waiting, when was ever love like his!
And the suasion of the Spirit fain would lead thy soul to bliss;
Yet thou lingerest, long hast lingered, dar'st to hesitate and doubt,
And forlorn, and cold, and friendless, standest, all alone, without.

Come in quickly! room is ample, hearty welcome, too, within,
Thy reluctance is ungrateful, and refusal, saddest sin;
What should hinder, what delay thee, never need so great as thine,
And the love of God thy Saviour, is almighty and divine.

Time is passing! shadows lengthen! shelter thee ere comes the night,
God in Christ is all-sufficient, and thy peril infinite;
Look without thee, look above thee, fear not, fail not of thy home,
Come believing, come rejoicing, stand no more without—but Come!

XII.

BIDDING-HYMN TO PRAYER.

"*In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.*"—Phil. iv. 6.

LET us pray! the Lord is willing,
Ever waiting, prayer to hear;
Ready, his kind words fulfilling,
Loving hearts to help and cheer.

Let us pray! our God with blessing
Satisfies the praying soul;
Bends to hear the heart's confessing,
Moulding it to his control.

Let us pray! though foes surrounding,
Vex, and trouble, and dismay;
Precious grace, through Christ abounding,
Still shall cheer us on our way.

Let us pray! our Life is praying,
Prayer with Time alone may cease;
Then in Heaven, God's will obeying,
Life is praise and perfect peace!

XIII.

BIDDING-HYMN TO PRAISE.

"*Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord.*"—Psalm cxiii. 1.

PRAISE the Lord! God loves the praises
Born of thanks and godly fear;
And the song a true heart raises
Always is well pleased to hear.

Let us praise! our life is gladness
When to God alone we live,
For He will, to cheer heart-sadness,
His own consolation give.

Let us praise! what joy unceasing
Springs from Christ's so precious love,
Joy abounding and increasing
Ever, till we rest above.

Praise the Lord! for every blessing,
Praise and honour and adore,
Till in heaven our home possessing
We shall praise Him evermore!

XIV.

JUBILATE.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever."—Jude 24, 25.

Now unto Him whose loving voice hath called us from the dead,
Who, ever, through our pilgrimage hath blessed and comforted,
To Him, in whom we live and move, our God and Lord in heaven,
Be never-ceasing thanks and praise, through Christ our Saviour, given!

For He alone hath holpen us, life's many changes through,
And He alone instructed us his holy will to do;
And He it is disposed our lot, and He whose gentle word
In sorrow and discouragement, our hearts have often heard.

Our God and Father! always near, and ready aye to bless,
With pleasant tones of solacing in all our worst distress;
Who knoweth all, yea all, our fear, and pities and will aid,
And bids us lean on his strong arm, and never be afraid!

Now unto Him, with gladsome voice, our heartfelt praise be given,
For all sustaining blessing here, and happy hope of heaven;
To God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit be
Thanksgiving, honour, glory paid,—now and eternally!

HYMNS
TO THE HOLY TRINITY.
TO GOD THE FATHER.
TO GOD THE SON.
TO GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

XV.

TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

"There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these Three are One."—1 John v. 7.

Holy, Holy, Lord and King!
Ruler of each living thing,
Gladly we thy praises sing.
Listen, Lord, and bless.

Ever blessed Three in One,
Manifest in Christ the Son!
Let thy will in us be done.
Listen, Lord, and bless.

Happy angels see thy face,
Happier they who feel thy grace!
On our hearts thine image trace.
Listen, Lord, and bless.

Father, Son, and Spirit! be
In thy triune unity,
Our sweet bliss eternally!
Listen, Lord, and bless.

XVI.

" *Let the people praise thee, O God: let all the people praise thee.*"—Ps. lxvii. 3.

To God the Father, everlasting praise!
Praise everlasting be to Christ the Son!
Praise to the Holy Spirit ever raise!
Praise to the Lord Almighty, Three in One!

The holy Angels in their perfect love,
Praise thee for ever, through their life of light;
And blessed Saints, at rest in peace above,
Swell the glad song with ardour infinite!

And we, lo, we, Lord, praise and thank thee too,
For all thy boundless mercy to us given,
And pray thy guidance all life's travel through,
Until we join that holy praise in heaven!

To God the Father, everlasting praise!
Praise everlasting be to Christ the Son!
Praise to the Holy Spirit ever raise!
Praise to the Lord Almighty, Three in One!

XVII.

"*To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses.*"—Dan. ix. 9.

Be merciful unto us, Lord,
Our sins of heart and life, forgive;
Instruct us by thy Holy Word,
And let us in thy favour live.

Lord Jesus Christ, thy blessing grant,
Our Advocate and Helper be!
Supply our soul's unceasing want,
And teach our hearts to trust in thee.

Thou gracious Spirit, guide our feet,
Controlling us by love divine,
Through all the hindrances we meet,
Till every thought and hope are thine.

Thou ever-blessed Three in One!
So lead us in thy holy ways,
That when our life on earth is done,
Our heaven may be eternal praise!

XVIII.

"*Through Him we have access, by One Spirit, to the Father.*"—Eph. ii. 18.

PRAISE, always loving, thankful praise!
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit raise,
The ever blessed Three in One!

Praise for all blessings of the day,
For comfort of each quiet night;
For love, that sorrow keeps away,
Or helps to bear the grief aright.

Praise for the grace, through Christ our Lord,
So freely and so kindly given;
For guiding counsel in his Word,
And happy hope of rest in heaven.

With grateful hearts we gladly raise,
Our voices with the heavenly host,
In thankful love, and joyful praise,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

XIX.

TO GOD THE FATHER.

"*There is—one God and Father of all.*"—Ephes. iv. 6.

Holy Lord, our God and King!
To thy mercy-seat we bring
Hearts in need of everything.
Listen, Lord, and bless.

Often carelessly we stray,
From thy good and holy way;
For restraining grace we pray.
Listen, Lord, and bless.

Christ in all things we would see,
Yield a life of love to thee,
Patient, meek, and humble be.
Listen, Lord, and bless.

Teach and guide us, Holy One!
Till in us thy will is done,
For the sake of Christ thy Son!
Listen, Lord, and bless.

XX.

"*The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.*"—1 Tim. 6—15.

THOU King of Kings, and Lord of Lords! our Lord and King most high,
All infinite in holiness and glorious majesty!
We bow to thee in lowliness, with faith's entire assent,
With reverent love and thankfulness, and fulness of content.

For who but thou, our Lord and King, has saved us from our sin,
And who induced our careless feet the race of life to win;
And who but thou persuaded us world-follies to forsake,
A life of love in Christ to live, his Cross with joy to take!

Oh wonderful and rare delight! to feel thy presence near,
To hear thy voice of gentleness forbidding us to fear,
To know that thou art guiding us through time's uncertain way,
And hast for us a home prepared where shines the perfect day!

Thou King of Kings, and Lord of Lords! we praise thee, and adore,
And we will love thee thankfully in heaven for evermore!
What joy to serve thee perfectly with wisdom's pure increase,
In blessed calm of holy life, and ecstasy of peace!

XXI.

"*Glory to God in the highest.*"—Luke ii. 14.

Glory to thee, O Lord most high!
Praise to thy great and holy name!
Thy glory, all above the sky,
Thy mercy, all below proclaim!

We praise and bless thee for thy grace,
Through Christ the Lord so freely given;
For thy good word, wherein we trace
Thy will, and learn the way to heaven.

Our glorious God! whose bounteous hand
Supplies our still recurring need,
Help us temptation to withstand,
And follow thee, in thought and deed.

Oh blessed hope to rest upon,
Thy promise of our soul's supply,
Sustaining grace, through Christ thy Son;
Glory to thee, O Lord most high!

XXII.

"*The Lord is the true God, he is the living God, and our Everlasting King.*"—Jer. x. 10.

THOU Everlasting God, our Lord!
Grant us the teaching of thy word,
Such reverence for what it saith,
Hope so secure, such strength of faith,
That all our use of life may be,
True service rendered, Lord, to thee!

Show us, that Everlasting Love
Ensures our promised rest above,
What strength and pity exquisite,
In Christ, our Saviour God, unite,
That we, in thee, may trust and rest,
Blest now, and ever to be blest!

King Everlasting! thus we raise
Our ardent song of thankful praise,
Our joy and peace and blessing here,
Our confidence to persevere,
That not of us, but all in thee
Abides our soul security!

XXIII.

"*God is Love.*"—1 John iv. 8.

Ever living, ever loving!
Gracious God, we rest on thee,
And while thy true mercy proving,
Fain would thine in all things be,
Thou God of Love!
Loving us eternally!

What but love like thine abounding,
Precious, priceless in display,
From eternity resounding,
Full and free and strong to-day;
Thou God of Love!
Could remove our sins away.

Lo, through Christ our Lord, unfearing,
On his loving-kindness stayed,
At thy mercy-seat appearing,
We implore thy present aid;
Thou God of Love!
They who love are not afraid!

XXIV.

"*The God of Hope.*"—Rom. xv. 13.

THOU God of Hope! what joy and rest
When hopes the soul alone in thee;
For ever comforted and blest,
Whatever time's disturbance be.

Our hope, O Lord our God, is stayed,
On what our Saviour Christ hath done,
Whose perfect sacrifice is made
Foundation sure, to rest upon.

What precious solace to repose,
With all abounding hope and peace,
On thy sustaining, as it flows
Through Christ, with always glad increase.

Our God of Hope! through all life's care,
Our souls rejoice in thy true love;
And wait, expecting soon to share
Fruition, unalloyed, above!

XXV.

"*The God of Consolation.*"—Rom. xv. 5.

God of all our Consolation!
 Look upon our low estate;
Help us, with self-consecration,
 On thy blessed will to wait.
Thou dost know our depth of sorrow,
 All the anguish of the soul,
All our faint hopes of the morrow;
 And thou only canst console.

Gracious Lord, in loving-kindness
 Comfort us, with thy true love,
Heal our sickness, cure our blindness,
 Let us thy compassion prove.
Lead us, in profound contrition,
 To the feet of Christ our Lord,
There accept our heart petition,
 Consolation there afford!

XXVI.

"*The very God of Peace sanctify you wholly.*"—1 Thess. v. 23.

THOU God of Peace! supreme, sublime!
Unchangeable, through changing time,
Grant, gracious Lord, for Jesus' sake,
That I may of thy peace partake.

My life is vexed with many a care,
While foes surround me everywhere;
And all my heart-crave and request,
Is by thy peace, Lord, to be blest.

Thou very God of peace, control
The life and motives of my soul;
And with me, for Christ's sake abide,
Till I am wholly sanctified.

Then when all conflict here is done,
Life's battle fought, and victory won,
What joy, as worldly tumults cease,
To rest with thee, in perfect peace!

XXVII.

"*The Lord our Righteousness.*"—Jer. xxxiii. 16.

Out of ourselves we fain would look,
 There is no comfort from within;
While all the teachings of thy Book
 Proclaim thy hatred, Lord, of sin.

Sinners, good Lord, we come to thee,
 With all our care and sense of need,
Beseeching thee, in Christ, to be,
 The Lord our Righteousness indeed.

Enlarge our hearts, that we may feel
 What perfectness in Him abides;
His all-sufficiency reveal,
 The love which for each want provides.

Oh let it be, that safe in Him,
 All anxious care and thought may cease
Sad tears no more our vision dim,
 But we hold on our way in peace.

XXVIII.

"*The Lord is very Pitiful.*"—James v. 11.

PRAISE ye the Lord! for He is good,
His greatness how unsearchable!
His love hath never changeful mood,
And all He doth He doeth well;
And He is very pitiful,
Beyond what feeble words can tell!

Praise ye the Lord! his watchful care
For the soul's ceaseless crave provides;
Mighty to save and strong to spare,
He tenderly and wisely guides;
And very, very pitiful,
Through all our waywardness abides!

Praise ye the Lord! through life's worst woe
His loving-kindness faileth never;
And whatsoe'er the path we go,
From Him not even death shall sever,
But pitiful, so pitiful,
His love shall comfort us for ever!

XXIX.

"*The Lord is—of Tender Mercy.*"—James v. 11.

THY Tender Mercy, gracious Lord,
Thou God of holiness and truth!
And glad revealings of thy word,
Can cheer us, from the earliest youth.

And onward, through each varied scene,
Through ebb and flow of life's affairs,
Thy tender mercy, Lord, hath been
A solace in the saddest cares.

And so it shall be, while the roll
Of swelling sorrows toss and heave;
Thy tenderness within the soul
Shall only fruits of patience leave.

Thy tender mercies, large and free
Through Christ the Lord so fully given,
Our joy and peace shall always be,
Till safe at home, we rest in heaven!

XXX.

"*The Lord thy God is a Merciful God, he will not forsake thee.*"—Deut. iv. 31.

We know thou wilt never forsake us or leave us,
We know that thy love, Lord, will ever endure;
Though foes may oppose, and our friends may deceive us,
Thy patience and mercy are perfect and sure.

Oh come to us, blessing, upholding, and guiding;
Oh come for our safety, our comfort, and joy;
Thine affluent grace for the soul's need providing
A fulness of peace, without stint or alloy.

To serve thee with zeal and devotedness ever,
What precious and perfect repose to the soul;
The languor of weariness vexing us never,
Thy Spirit our Teacher, thy will our control.

Thou blessed Redeemer! with constant sustaining,
Refresh and delight us with promise of rest;
Within and above us in righteousness reigning,
Until we rejoice in the joy of the blest.

XXXI.

"*The Lord God is Gracious and Merciful.*"—2 Chron. xxx. 9.

God of mercy! priceless, boundless!
Pity me, forlorn and lonely,
Pilgrim, needing help and guidance.
God of mercy, hear!

All I know, but proves my weakness,
All I feel, suggests estrangement,
Yea—I greatly need thy blessing.
God of mercy, hear!

Worldly promise has deceived me,
Many a hope has proved delusive,
Lo, my heart is weary, weary.
God of mercy, hear!

Lord, my plea is for thy mercy,
Grant me mercy, pardon, comfort,
For the sake of Christ, my Saviour.
God of mercy, hear!

XXXII.

"*Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways.*—Rev. xv. 3.

God Almighty! gracious, glorious!
Over all things King eternal!
Look in pity on our weakness,
And in mercy bless and save us.
Mighty Saviour, ever mighty!
Living, dying, rising, reigning;
Lord, remember, and uphold us,
Sadly troubled, weak and weary!

Blessed Spirit! by the potence,
Glad and glorious, of thy suasion,
Guide us safely, guarding bravely,
Helping, cheering, Lord, for ever!
Then thanksgiving, then our praises,
Shall in heaven for aye abounding,
God Almighty! tell how wondrous
Our salvation, and thy Glory!

XXXIII.

"*Exalt the Lord our God—for the Lord our God is Holy.*"—Ps. xcix. 9.

GOD most Holy! make us holy,
Pure in heart, and pure in life;
Praising thee by earnest service,
Resting on the precious love,
Lord, most holy,
Promised us in Christ our Lord!

God most Holy! make us holy,
In our secret depth of soul,
All our home-life, all our world-life,
Earnestly and simply true,
Lord, most holy,
Thine, thine always, everywhere!

God mostly Holy! guide us safely,
All our pilgrim-progress through,
Showing us Christ's precious footprints,
And where our dear Lord hath gone,
Lord, most holy,
Lead us, to the rest of home!

XXXIV.

"*Remember me, O my God, for Good.*"—Neh. xiii. 31.

REMEMBER me, O God, for good,
In thy great love remember me;
Whilst yet the world's tempestuous flood,
Tosses and raves, so solemnly.—Remember me!

My heart is set thy will to do,
My will would fain be wholly thine;
I need thy hand to guide me through
Life's many snares, with love divine.—Remember me!

What joy so great as that which springs
From concord with Christ's blessed will;
Grant me, O Lord, thy comfortings,
And help, his precepts to fulfil.—Remember me!

Remember me, in all my need,
In health or sickness, joy or pain;
My soul with heavenly manna feed,
Until my home in heaven I gain.—Remember me!

XXXV.

" *His eyes are upon the ways of man, and He seeth all his goings.*"—Job xxxiv. 21.

THINE eyes, O Lord, are on our ways,
And all our goings thou dost see,
The darkest nights and brightest days,
Nor hide, nor yet reveal to thee.

Our whispered words come to thine ear,
Each quiet footfall thou dost know,
And to thine heart our every fear,
And doubt, and care, directly go.

Help us, good Lord, for Jesus' sake,
To live a life so true and pure,
Thy will our law of love so make,
That we thy blessing may ensure.

Look on our ways, through Christ, O Lord!
And while our goings thou dost see,
Refresh with comfort of thy word,
Till heaven our happy home shall be.

XXXVI.

"*We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.*"—Rom. v. 3—5.

WHEN trouble and sorrow our pathway surrounding,
Disturb and distress with vexation and grief;
Great God, let thy merciful kindness abounding,
Bring solace and comfort, give strength and relief.

Oh the solace is sweet by thy presence imparted,
And precious the comforts thy mercy can show;
Thy strength is sufficient to cheer the downhearted,
And who like thyself, true relief can bestow.

Our God! we remember that sunshine and blessing,
Are from the same hand that the trial has sent;
And while all our comforts and mercies possessing,
We knew they were thine, and in tenderness lent.

Oh grant that our hearts on our Saviour reposing,
Contented and thankful, and trustful and pure;
May patiently wait for the future disclosing,
That whatever might change, every promise was sure!

XXXVII.

"*Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.*"—1 Pet. i. 5.

GRANT us, O Lord, such heart of grace,
That we may humble be;
Content to take the lowest place,
So that it pleaseth thee.

Grant us thy teaching, Lord, to show
How wise are all thy ways;
That all above, and all below,
Alike proclaim thy praise.

Keep our faith humble, earnest, true;
Our life a life of love;
Its constant aim thy will to do;
Our hope the rest above.

For Jesus' sake uphold and bless,
Till all our varied way
Shall, through his glorious righteousness,
End in the perfect day.

XXXVIII.

"*All things are yours,—the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.*"—1 Cor. iii. 22, 23.

LIFE is solemn, often weary,
Full of strange diversity;
Pleasant sunshine, shadows dreary,
Happy only, Lord, in thee.

Teach us in thy love confiding,
All thy holy will to do;
And in faith and hope abiding,
Guide us all our journey through.

May the love of Christ abounding,
Comfort us in all our care;
And thy power our steps surrounding,
Be our safeguard everywhere.

Life is blessed while possessing,
Thy protection and thy love;
Grant us, Lord, thy constant blessing,
Till we rest with thee above!

XXXIX.

"*The will of the Lord be done.*"—Acts xxi. 14.

As thou wilt, Lord, everywhere;
 As thou wilt in everything;
Sanctify life's toil and care;
 To our hearts, contentment bring.

Ours is but imperfect sight,
 Thine is infinitely clear;
Lead us gently to the light,
 Keep us to our Saviour near.

Life is varied, sad, and strange,
 Blessed Lord! apart from thee;
Guide us where there is no change,
 Where life is all purity.

Grant us, Lord, thy constant care;
 Help us, Lord, to feel and sing,
"As thou pleasest," everywhere;
 "As thou wilt," in everything.

XL.

"*The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus.*"—Phil. iv. 7.

God of boundless mercy, hear us!
Let our faith and hope increase;
Keep, in loving-kindness, near us;
Bid all anxious caring cease.
Bless, oh bless us,
With thine everlasting peace.

Peace that passeth understanding,
Grant to us, for Jesus' sake;
Teaching, helping, while commanding
From the toils of sin to break.
Help, oh help us,
Thy sweet will our law to make.

Fill our hearts with true devotion;
Keep our minds so stayed on thee,
That each thought and new emotion,
Holy, Lord, and pure may be.
Help and bless us,
Gracious God, eternally!

XLI.

"The Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work."—2 Thess. 16, 17.

SOURCE and Giver of all blessing,
To our waiting hearts, Lord, come;
We would fain, thy love possessing,
Feel the joyful hope of home.
World-life, with its care and sadness,
Tries our faith and finds it weak;
Lord, the strength, and peace, and gladness,
Of a life in Christ we seek.

Come, O Lord, in loving-kindness,
With thy Spirit fill each heart;
Take away our mental blindness,
Bid the love of sin depart.
Come, upholding us, and guiding,
Comfort with thy boundless love;
For our ceaseless need providing,
Till we rest with thee above.

XLII.

"*Let patience have her perfect work.*"—James i. 4.

Gracious God! how glad the life,
Patient, humble, and sincere;
Raised above all worldly strife,
To a holy atmosphere.

Like the pure devoted days,
Which the blessed Saviour passed;
Whence such bright and cheering rays,
On our upward path are cast.

Lord, like him, we would obey;
Patiently, like him, endure;
Praise, through all life's varied way;
Serve thee, with devotion pure.

Oh how right and glad the heart,
Waiting, waiting, patiently!
Blessed Lord, thine aid impart,
Till we rest, in peace, with thee!

XLIII.

"*Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.*"—1 Pet. v. 7.

All my care, Lord, all my care,
I must bring it all to thee;
Far too sad for me to bear,
Is my much infirmity.
And it is thine own good word
Bids me come to thee, O Lord!

All the sorrow of my sin,
All the hindrances I meet,
Every doubt that lurks within,
Lo, I cast them at thy feet.
For it is thine own kind word
Bids me come to thee, O Lord!

Very full of need, and weak,
All my hope on thee is stayed;
Guidance, and thy help I seek,
For that Christ my ransom paid.
And I plead thy loving word
Coming thus to thee, O Lord!

XLIV.

"*If God be for us, who can be against us?*"—Rom. viii. 31.

HALLELUJAH! God is for us,
Friend unfailing, faithful guide;
And his mercy, watching o'er us,
Will for all our need provide.
Hallelujah!
We are safe while near his side.

Cares and sorrows crowd around us,
Fears and dangers mark the way;
But the love that sought and found us,
Comes unto our souls to stay.
Hallelujah!
Christ will turn our gloom to day.

Hallelujah! God is keeping!
Who against us then can be;
Working, resting, waking, sleeping,
He can hear and he can see.
Hallelujah!
Christ will give us victory!

XLV.

"*Lord, increase our faith.*"—Luke xvii. 5.

We pray for stronger faith,
To rest upon thy word;
To feel the joy of what it saith,
And serve thee gladly, Lord.
We crave the rest from care
Which faith in thee can give;
The heart to love thee everywhere,
And in thy fear to live!

For the Lord Jesus' sake,
Uphold us on our way;
All sinful doubting from us take,
Nor let our footsteps stray.
Our hope is all in thee,
We wait upon thy love;
Our Comforter and Teacher be,
Till we are safe above!

XLVI.

"*The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.*—Isa. lx. 20.

THOU light for the darkness our footsteps surrounding,
Thou friend and companion unchangeably kind,
In whom, for the pilgrim, are blessings abounding;
Instruction, and comfort, and guidance combined.

Through shadings of worldliness, discords, and sadness,
The light of thy love shineth calmly and clear;
And the joy of thy help in the might of its gladness,
Refreshes and strengthens, dispersing our fear.

O infinite light from eternity flowing
With exquisite glow, in Christ Jesus our Lord!
Thy justice, and mercy, and holiness, showing
How great is thy goodness! how true is thy word!

Great God, we rejoice in the light of thy guiding,
So pleasant and constant, deceiving us never;
And wait for our home, the eternal abiding
With thee, and our Saviour, for ever and ever!

XLVII.

TO GOD THE SON.

"*Christ, the Son of the living God.*"—Matt. xvi. 16.

Holy Saviour, God and King!
Gladsome hearts to thee we bring,
For thy help and succouring.
Listen, Lord, and bless.

Thou hast everything we need!
Thine own promises we plead,
Thou who art a friend indeed.
Listen, Lord, and bless.

Help us in our time of prayer,
In life's conflict and its care,
Through all changes, everywhere!
Listen, Lord, and bless.

Blessed Lord, thou knowest all
That can ever us befall;
For thy promised aid we call!
Listen, Lord, and bless.

XLVIII.

"*The bright and morning Star.*"—Rev. xxii. 16.

ALL brightness and beauty! sweet Star of the Morning
Who coming, all darkness before thee must flee;
How pure is thy radiance life's pathway adorning,
How safe is the pilgrimage following thee.

Thou Star of our Hope! bright light for the weary,
To cheer through the valley, and comfort our way;
We love thee, and trust thee, and though it be dreary,
Will cleave to thy counsel, forbidding to stray.

Our life has its drowsiness, discords, and sadness,
And time has its shadows, disturbing and drear;
But living to thee, is all brightness and gladness,
And sorrow is sanctified if thou art near.

O brightness of beauty! sweet Star of the Morning!
Thou blessed Lord Jesus, our Saviour and King!
We pray for thy blessing, our pathway adorning,
And rest in the daylight which heaven will bring.

XLIX.

"*Emmanuel—God with us.*"—Matt. i. 23.

JESUS! Emmanuel! Almighty and glorious,
Blessed for ever, our God! we adore thee,
Watch over and help us, O Lord, till victorious
We stand, with rejoicing thanksgiving, before thee.

Jesus! Emmanuel! God with us, God near us,
Our Saviour, whose friendship is infinite blessing;
What fulness of joy in thy presence to cheer us,
What calmness and pureness, thy solace possessing.

Jesus! Emmanuel! faithfully, lovingly,
We would repose in the might of thy keeping,
Waiting thy welcome to heaven approvingly,
How glad of the end to all conflict and weeping.

Jesus! Emmanuel! God with us for ever,
We rest in the hope of thy merciful guiding;
What joy, that nor living or dying shall sever
Our souls from the love of Christ, ever abiding!

L.

"*Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and g fear.*"—Heb. xii. 28.

THOU purest, and brightest, and holiest, and best,
The source of our comfort, the joy of the blest;
Our Lord and our Saviour, how blessed to be,
Upheld, and instructed, and guided by thee!

For life it is weary, and tangled with fears,
Its promises ending so often in tears;
Beclouded with doubtings, distracted by sin,
Dark shadows without, deeper shadings within.

O purest, and brightest, and holiest, and best,
Refresh with thy solacing, guide to thy rest;
We need thee, we seek thee, we pray thee to come,
And gladden, and dwell in our hearts, as thy home.

Then, though weary and weak, we forward will press,
Believing thy promise to comfort and bless;
Our hope in thy mercy, our trust in thy word;
Rejoicing, and loving, and praising thee, Lord!

LI.

"*Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.*"—Heb. xiii. 8.

THOU wast, and art, and thou wilt be
For evermore, the same;
Saviour and God, eternally,
All hallowed be thy name!

As, yesterday, thy precious love
Was all our hope and stay,
So, with admiring faith, we prove
That love our own, to-day!

And ever, through all coming time,
And the eternal peace,
Thy love, so tender and sublime,
Will never, never cease!

Lord Jesus Christ, we trust in thee,
We hope in thee alone;
Our guide, and friend, and helper be,
Till life's great work is done!

LII.

"*So great salvation.*"—Heb. ii. 3.

THE Great Salvation, God our Lord, how glorious!
We know and feel it, and rejoice therein;
So helping our sad weakness, that victorious
In life's great battle, we shall conquer sin.

Abounding mercy! high and holy blessing!
To live in trustful hope that we are thine;
The grace of thine indwelling love possessing,
Reposing in the peace of joy divine.

The trammels of the world asunder breaking,
What precious freedom, when in Jesus free!
Life's strange beguilement, and its sin forsaking,
To cleave to thee, O Lord, alone to thee.

For matchless mercy, praises everlasting!
The grateful incense which to thee belongs;
Till at thy feet our crowns of glory casting,
We sing adoringly our thankful songs!

LIII.

"*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"—Matt. xi. 28.

Life, O Lord, with all its burthens, and diversities of care,
Many sorrows, foes to conquer, much perplexity to bear,
Hath yet precious consolation, on its heart of hearts imprest,
For in thee, great God and Saviour, there is boundless peace and rest.

Often, when the sun is shining, comes across obstructing cloud,
Often, through the soothing silence, uproar and disturbance loud;
Then it is, apart and safely, leaning on thy loving breast,
Thought hath solace, feeling comfort, and the weary spirit rest.

When the pain of sin's intrusion, when the pang of pungent grief,
Oft misgiving and regrettings, dare to whisper unbelief,
Gracious Saviour, by thy blessing, of all blessedness the best,
Show us that though sad and weary, Thou our refuge art, and rest.

Aye, in sickness or in dying, thou, O Lord, our stay shall be,
Still our friend, and always near us, in all life's necessity;
Then the consummation glorious! with God's holy presence blest,
Heaven shall be all light and gladness! Christ our everlasting rest!

LIV.

"*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"—Matt. xi. 28.

With thankful thoughts and grateful hearts,
We bow before thy footstool, Lord!
Rejoicing that thy love imparts
Such precious comfort in thy word.

For we are weary, and we read
That weary ones to thee may come;
And heavy laden, and we plead
Thy promise, Lord, to guide us home.

And life to us is full of care,
By sorrow and by sin opprest;
How sweet to hear thy words declare,
That thou, O God, wilt give us rest.

Our blessed Saviour! we repose
In faith and hope, upon thy love;
Secure, when here our life shall close,
Of the far better life above.

LV.

"*Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.*"—John xxi. 17.

LORD, our Saviour! thou dost know,
Every secret of the heart;
All the thoughts that come and go,
Watching always, Lord, thou art.

Every shadow passing there,
Pride and folly, thou dost see;
Negligent, unmeaning prayer,
Sinful insincerity.

Blessed Jesus! we confess
All our much infirmity;
Weakness and unworthiness,
Oft forgetfulness of thee.

Yet we love thee! love thee well!
Knowing all, thou knowest this;
Every fear, O Lord, dispel,
Guide us to eternal bliss.

LVI.

"*For me to live is Christ.*"—Phil. i. 21.

I WOULD, Lord, that for me to live
 Should be, that Christ were all in all;
Him first, Him last, that I might give
 To Him whate'er I precious call.

I would that He to me should be
 True joy and comfort, peace and rest;
My life of holy liberty,
 Of all thy blessings, yet the best.

I would that every thought of mine,
 And all my hopes and every joy,
With every feeling should combine,
 To praise Him in a glad employ.

Teach me, O Lord, to live to Him
 So lovingly, and always true,
That faith's bright eye shall ne'er be dim,
 And hope be ever fresh and new!

LVII.

"Jesus Christ, whom having not seen ye love, in whom though now ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 Pet. i. 8.

GOD of mercy and of blessing,
Light and comfort of our hearts;
All that we can need possessing,
Grant the peace thy love imparts.
By thy blessed Spirit's shining
On our path with holy light,
Elevating and refining,
Guide, O Lord, our footsteps right.

By thy mercy, great and glorious,
Mighty Saviour! set us free;
Over sin and death victorious,
Give us joyful life in thee.
Life that has its source and blessing,
In thine everlasting love;
Priceless treasure! which possessing,
We shall rest with thee above!

LVIII.

"*Ye are sanctified—ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.*"—1 Cor. vi. 11.

BLESSED Jesus! we adore thee
For thy boundlessness of love;
Lo, we wait, O Lord, before thee,
Send us blessing from above.

Bless us with true heart refining,
Purity and patience give;
On life's pathway brightly shining;
Help us to thy praise to live.

Sanctify us by the blessing
Of the Holy Spirit's aid;
All our life our love confessing,
All our hope upon thee stayed.

Come, all graciously abiding
In our hearts and in each home,
Comforting and safely guiding;
Come, thou blessed Jesus, come!

LIX.

"Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—Jer. vi. 16.

OUR Saviour and Lord! with hope and in faith,
We lean on thy word, and love what it saith;
For life hath much care, and sorrows abound,
And we would repair where comfort is found.

O blessed to come to thee for our rest,
That finding a home our souls may be blest,
And troubles may cease, though but for a while,
And we know the peace of thy merciful smile.

Thou solver of doubt, strong refuge from sin,
True shelter without, sweet solace within;
How tranquil the heart and patient may be,
In life's saddest smart, while trusting in thee.

Thy grace so divine, thy mercy so great,
The glory all thine, our duty to wait;
Till heaven shall prove that nothing can sever,
Our hearts from thy love for ever and ever!

LX.

"*Looking unto Jesus.*"—Heb. xii. 2.

THROUGH all life's weariness and often cares,
Whate'er its burthen or regrets may be;
Lord Jesus Christ, my soul to thee repairs,
Always and only looking unto thee.

Looking to Jesus! best of all repose
For heart and hope, through all the tangled way,
True solace in the saddest of my woes,
Bright light to cheer through every gloomy day.

My blessed Lord! it is far off indeed
That I behold thee, and with trembling gaze,
Yet can I see, beyond my utmost need,
Thy power to help, and I adore and praise!

What joy to follow, and of thee to learn,
What peace upon thy changeless love to rest;
To thee for all my comfort, Lord, I turn,
And while thou lookest, feel that I am blest.

LXI.

"*Abide in me and I in you.*"—John xv. 4.

ABIDE in me! how sweet thy words of love,
Our blessed Lord! thy grace how large and free!
Help us the fulness of its joy to prove,
With thankful hearts, abiding, Lord, in thee.

Abide in thee! thou, Lord, alone dost know
How great the need that this our life should be;
Thy loving teaching and true help bestow,
Till we rejoice, abiding, Lord, in thee.

Abide in thee! ah, that is bliss most pure,
Strong refuge when from worldly ills we flee;
The home of peace, and comforts that endure;
True heart delight, abiding, Lord, in thee.

Abide in thee! dear Lord, we thus would rest,
Whate'er our weakness or our fears may be,
Leaning our souls upon thy loving breast,
Content and calm, abiding, Lord, in thee.

LXII.

"*And Jesus said, Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house. And he made haste, and came down and received him joyfully.*"—Luke xix. 5, 6.

ABIDE with me, O Lord, to bless my home,
With thy so comforting and loving care;
To mine and me with grace and mercy come,
To sanction pleasure, and incite to prayer.

Abide with me, in social joy and cheer,
To sanctify all interchange of thought,
To make me true, and full of godly fear,
That thy own likeness may in me be wrought.

Abide, O Lord, with me, while worldly things,
With ceaseless turmoil, round about me roll;
And satisfy me with the peace that springs
From thy so blessed influence and control.

Abide with me, through every changing scene,
Or sad or sweet, and when temptations press,
My rest shall be on thy kind heart to lean,
Whilst thou, O Lord, dost comfort me and bless!

LXIII.

"*Who shall separate us from the love of Christ.*"—Rom. viii. 35.

WHO can hinder, what shall sever,
From the love of Christ my Lord;
Changing never! love for ever!
Faithful to his holy word,
Hallelujah!
He will grace and strength afford.

Who can hinder, what shall sever,
From the love that safely guides;
Changing never! love for ever!
Whatsoever care betides.
Hallelujah!
All is well when Christ provides!

Who can hinder, what shall sever,
From the promised, coming rest;
Changing never! love for ever!
Rest in Christ, of all the best.
Hallelujah!
Blest in Christ, for ever blest!

LXIV.

" *We have not an high-priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.*"—Heb. iv. 15.

BLESSED Saviour! in the time
Of thy mortal life and care,
Thou didst, with a love sublime,
Sorrows and reproaches bear.

All that heart may feel of grief,
All the weariness of woe,
In thy sojourn, dark and brief,
Blessed Saviour! thou didst know.

Thou rememberest! - Lord, our life
Now is passing sorrow through;
We encounter pain and strife,
Know the care of living too.

Help and bless us, we implore,
Comfort us with thy sweet love,
Till, the toil and conflict o'er,
We shall rest with thee above.

LXV.

"*I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.*"—John x. 14.

GUIDE me, thou Good Shepherd, guide me,
Where the water gently flows;
With refreshing food provide me,
Where the soul's best nurture grows;
Kindly guiding,
Where my Lord and Master goes.

Cheer me, thou Good Shepherd, cheer me,
With the accents of thy voice;
Let me know thee always near me,
Influencing all my choice;
Gently guiding,
While I thankfully rejoice.

Hold me, thou Good Shepherd, hold me,
By thine own strong hand of love;
With thy precious grace enfold me,
Till, at home with thee above,
Blessed Saviour,
I shall all thy goodness prove!

LXVI.

"*Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon.*"—Sol. Song, 1—7.

FROM the world's hot wearying, from its vexed and harsh affairs,
From its insincerity, often pain, and many cares,
Unto Thee, my soul's true love, gladly turning unto thee,
From surrounding troubling, with a throbbing heart I flee.

Tell me where, so tenderly, thou thy little flock dost lead,
Where beside translucent stream, where in pastures green they feed;
Gentle Shepherd, tell me where, by the noontide heat opprest,
Carefully thou makest them in the cool refreshment rest.

Lord and Master, merciful! bid me to thy presence come,
There to feel thy solacing, there to learn the pathway home;
Thou who knowest everything, knowest how extreme my need,
And I know how good thou art, friend above all friends indeed!

Precious Saviour! whom my soul loveth with such joy of love,
Help, and guide, and comfort me, till I come to thee above;
Bless me with the plenitude of salvation, freely given,
Till I rest in perfect peace, safe at home with thee, in Heaven!

LXVII.

"*If any man serve me, let him follow me, and where I am there shall my servant be also; if any man serve me, him will my Father honour.*"—John xii. 26.

We fain would follow thee, our gracious Lord!
And with a careful heed to all our ways,
Obey the holy precepts of thy word,
And by our daily life show forth thy praise.

But we are weak, so weak, and full of fears,
So often hindered by the plague of sin,
That Faith looks sadly through a veil of tears,
And Hope sits trembling her dark home within.

Speak to us, blessed Jesus! kindly speak,
Let thy bright light of love upon us shine;
Abide with us, the thrall of fear to break,
And comfort us with help and strength divine.

O blessedness, indeed! to follow thee,
Whose every footstep holy is, and true;
Uphold and guide us till thy face we see,
And, perfectly, in heaven thy bidding do.

LXVIII.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord—that walketh in darkness and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."—Isa.l. 10.

In unity of feeling, thought, and word,
We come before thee, Lord, with plaint and plea;
The consolation of thy grace afford,
Blessing us with thy helpful charity.

Sinners, good Lord, O pity our sad case,
And comfort us with pardon and repose;
With faith, in everything thy hand to trace,
Waiting till time thy loving wisdom shows.

O that our thoughts rejoiced in thy control,
Our words were modelled on thy pattern given,
And every fresh pulsation of the soul,
A throb of hope, that yearns for peace in heaven.

Thou precious Saviour, sanctify each thought,
And regulate the scope of our desires,
Till by thy Holy Spirit trained and taught,
Life with exalted love to thee aspires.

LXIX.

"I thank my God always—for the grace of God which is given by Jesus Christ."—
1 Cor. i. 4.

LORD JESUS CHRIST! our God and King!
With whom are all our ways,
With grateful hearts to thee we bring,
The tribute of our praise.

For 'tis in thee we live and move,
And have our being, Lord;
And by thy teaching, know and love,
Thy true and holy word.

And through thy mercy infinite,
Our sins are all forgiven;
While thy kind hand directs aright,
Through cares and fears, to heaven.

O joyfully, and thankfully,
With grateful hearts we bring,
Thanksgiving, and our praise to thee,
Our Saviour, God, and King!

LXX.

"*He hath done all things well.*"—Mark vii. 37.

THOU blessed Saviour, gracious King!
How thankfully we tell,
That everywhere, in everything,
Thou doest all things well!

The gentle guidance of thy love,
Through every passing hour;
The hope of better things above,
Thy Spirit's helpful power;

All, all is well! as all must be,
Where thou dost guide and bless;
And life that hath its rest in thee,
Is life of happiness.

Lord, we would rest, and trust, and wait,
Would ever near thee dwell;
For thou art good, as thou art great,
And doest all things well.

LXXI.

"Blessed be God even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations."—2 Cor. i. 3, 4.

AWAY from all our cares and fears,
The disappointments that distress,
We turn to Him, who always hears,
To Him, who knows our weariness.

For all the will, and all the ways
Of God, are merciful and wise;
And life is filled with hope and praise,
While on his blessing it relies.

O let us then, with thankful joy
Receive, and use his mercies well;
And by our life of glad employ,
The bounty of his goodness tell.

Thou glorious Saviour, kind and true,
Whose comfortings unceasing are,
Our dedication we renew;
Accept the praise, and hear our prayer!

LXXII.

"He maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God, and we that all things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. viii. 27, 28.

In the way of thine ordaining,
Coming to thee in distress;
Of the toil of life complaining,
Wearied by its carefulness,
Blessed Saviour!
Listen, and in mercy bless.

Sins and sorrows crowd about us,
Trials many vex and grieve;
Fears within, and foes without us,
Hinder, trouble, and deceive;
Blessed Saviour!
Comfort, and our cares relieve.

O the blessedness of knowing,
All is working for our peace;
Thou the needful help bestowing
Hope's repose, and faith's increase
Blessed Saviour!
May thy mercies never cease.

LXXIII.

"*The ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and he pondereth all his goings.*"—Prov. v. 21.

In thee alone, O Lord, the soul may rest,
From thee alone, its strength and comfort come;
Thy guidance is the wisest and the best,
Thy hand alone, can lead us safely home.

Our precious Saviour! all life's many cares,
Its toil and weariness, are known to thee;
Thy love appoints, or sheltering, kindly spares,
And regulates our lot, whate'er it be.

Lord, bring our hearts to full accord with thine,
Our daily life harmonious with thy will;
Show us the excellence of things divine;
Our purest joy, thy precepts to fulfil.

O blessed life, to walk within the light
Of thy compassion, infinitely sure,
Till faith and hope, transformed to perfect sight,
Heaven shall begin, for ever to endure.

LXXIV.

"*The gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth.*"—Luke iv. 22.

THE words of Jesus! ah how sweet
His words of kind compassion are;
Lord, I would sit before thy feet,
And listen to their teaching there.

For my poor heart has many a want,
Which thy rich grace can well supply;
And when supplies are brief and scant,
Thy blest encouragement is nigh.

What precious words of wisdom thine,
How gentle, yet how good and pure;
With thrilling tones of love divine,
And high incentive to endure.

Speak to me, Lord, I wait to hear,
Thy gracious counsel and command;
And with the love of godly fear,
Will listen, till I understand.

LXXV.

"*A Man of Sorrows.*"—Isaiah liii. 3.

WHEN crowding fears, and many an anxious thought
Perplex my soul, till it could dare repine;
Let me, O Lord, a better mood be taught,
By musing on that sacred life of thine!

Thou Man of Sorrows! unto whom befel
Such grouped diversity of grief and care;
Such agony, as words may never tell,
The pain of living, always, everywhere.

What flood of anguish, rolling wave on wave,
Enveloped and o'erwhelmed thee with dismay;
While yet thine only purpose was to save,
Thy life and death, to take my sins away!

I would, O Lord, that all my life should be
A cheerful offering of reverent love;
Held as a trust, to be returned to thee,
When thou dost bid me rest in peace above!

LXXVI.

"*A man—acquainted with grief.*"—Isaiah liii. 3.

Look, gracious Lord, on my poor heart,
 Which rests, with all its care, on thee;
So kind and tender as thou art,
 I pray thee, Lord, to pity me.

How many griefs surround me, Lord,
 What sorrows and what pains depress,
Yet do I trust thy faithful word,
 And wait thy time and will to bless.

Thou art acquainted with all grief,
 All mine, O Lord, thou knowest well;
And thou canst heal, or grant relief,
 And every anxious thought dispel.

Come to my soul, Lord, and abide,
 My friend and comforter always;
Then sorrow shall be sanctified,
 And my distress show forth thy praise.

LXXVII.

"*Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.*"—Lamen. i. 12.

By thine unknown sorrows, borne
 Blessed Saviour! for our good;
By thy lonely life, forlorn,
 Never, never understood; Good Lord, deliver us!

By thy weariness of life,
 Shaded by the clouds of grief;
By the anguish of the strife
 Bravely waged, for our relief; Good Lord, deliver us!

From the doubts that lead astray,
 All the pain and woe of sin,
Foes that throng the anxious way,
 Every fear our hearts within; Good Lord, deliver us!

By the marvel of thy love,
 Pure and patient, full and free,
All discouragement above;
 Great, as love of God must be; Good Lord, deliver us!

LXXVIII.

"*The place which is called Calvary.*"—Luke xxiii. 33.

When waves of rough commotion round me roll,
Or sorrows, deep and poignant, vex my soul
With such assault as faith can scarcely brook,
My solace and refreshment is to look, To Calvary!

And when the clouding hindrance and dismay
Of rebel sin, obscures the tranquil day;
And my poor soul is frightened by its cares,
What gladness, when it prayerfully repairs, To Calvary

Lord of my soul! what boundless love is thine,
Thy patience and compassion how divine!
O lead me, in the peril of my need,
My only hope, thy perfectness to plead, To Calvary!

Thou refuge and true home for anxious hearts,
What blessed peace thy presence, Lord, imparts;
Bright light for darksome times, what joy and rest
To turn with constant and rejoicing zest, To Calvary!

LXXIX.

"*There they crucified him.*"—Luke xxiii. 33.

THERE, my blessed Saviour, there
Crucified, thy sorrow ended!
There, the love that could not spare
On thy victim-life descended,
There, to Satan's drear despair,
God his words of truth defended!

There, dear Lord, my weary sin,
All the burthen of its grieving,
Gathered up thy soul within,
Thou my heart from thrall relieving;
There, and thence, my hopes begin,
There, the joy of my believing!

Precious sorrow, Lord, was thine,
Precious to my soul for ever!
All the joyful sequence mine,
Joy, nor life or death can sever,
Perfected in peace divine,
Never ending! changing never!

LXXX.

"*The Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me.*"—Gal. ii. 20.

Was it for me, dear Lord, for me,
Thou did'st endure such pain and grief;
For me, the direful agony,
That knew not limit or relief! Was it for me?

Was it for me, the mocking scorn,
While love perfumed thy passing breath;
The rude contumely meekly borne,
Thy soul desertion, unto death! Was it for me?

Was it for me, thou Lord of light,
Thy path through darkness to the grave;
For me, the triumph infinite,
When thou didst rise, and live to save! Was it for me?

Was it for me, Lord Christ! for me,
Ascending high, thy mission done,
Saviour to all eternity,
In heaven thou didst resume thy throne! Was it for me?

LXXXI.

"*God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with him.*" —1 Thess. v. 9, 10.

It was for me! what joy! for me,
My Lord and Saviour, thou didst come,
To bear life's weary penalty,
And pay my ransom's costly sum. It was for me!

It was for me! that sad, short life,
The toilsome day, the homeless night,
The world's cold scorn and vexing strife,
Thy grief profoundly exquisite. It was for me!

It was for me! the piercing thorn,
The cross, the agony, the grave,
The glorious resurrection morn,
Thy life and death my soul to save. It was for me!

It was for me! what joy! for me,
Thou didst in heaven resume thy throne,
Saviour to all eternity,
Thy love fulfilled! its mission done! It was for me!

LXXXII.

"*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*"—1 Tim. i. 15.

By the direful agony,
 By the solemn loneliness,
All the grievous misery,
 And thy soul's profound distress;
By the woe of Calvary;
 Jesus, Lord, forgive and bless!

By thy memory and care
 Of the world's perplexing grief;
By the burdens thou didst bear,
 In thy sojourn, dark and brief;
Listen to our plea and prayer,
 Jesus, Lord, and grant relief!

We are weary, thou art strong!
 We are weak, how mighty thou!
Loving thoughts to thee belong,
 Lord, before thy cross we bow;
By life's ecstasy of wrong;
 Jesus, Saviour, bless us now!

LXXXIII.

"*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"—Job xix. 25.

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth,
 Liveth to bless and succour me;
That all-sufficient grace he giveth,
 And comforteth right royally!

He is my King, supremely reigning
 O'er every impulse of the soul;
My waywardness with love restraining,
 Subjecting me to his control.

I know He liveth, watching, waiting,
 My weary steps to guide and cheer;
Encouraging me, hesitating,
 Dispersing every doubt and fear.

He liveth, and my life behaviour,
 While cleaving to his holy ways
Shall offer him, my Lord and Saviour,
 Thanksgiving, honour, glory, praise!

LXXXIV.

"*Jesus said, I am the Resurrection and the Life.*"—John xi. 23.

Oh glorious hope! through all life's care and sadness,
And solemn sorrow of the burthened heart;
Light for the gloomy day, faith's rest and gladness,
That thou, O Lord, the Resurrection art!

Oh precious joy! when love, with heart-ache dwelling
On buried treasures, mourns with sad dismay;
To feel the truth, all anxious fear dispelling,
That thou, the Life, dost take Death's sting away

Oh rest for weary heart! oh peerless blessing!
When Christ the Lord his helpfulness reveals;
And to the suppliant, want and woe confessing,
His tender mercy shows, and cheers, and heals!

Almighty Saviour! who hast gone before us,
And sanctified all sorrow and the grave;
Shed thine eternal consolation o'er us,
And purify, and comfort us, and save!

LXXXV.

"*This do for a remembrance of me.*"—1 Cor. xi. 24 (margin).

For remembrance! precious thought
Of thy love, our blessed Lord!
Joy of faith and patience, taught
By the lessons of thy Word; For remembrance!

For remembrance! holy ways
Opened for the soul to trace,
High incentive to thy praise,
Sweet revealings of thy grace; For remembrance!

For remembrance! grieving care
Soothed and cheered by thy kind smile;
Promises to help and spare;
Strength to bear life's pain the while; For remembrance!

For remembrance! happy hope
Solaced by the coming rest;
Perfect praise, with boundless scope,
In thy blessed presence blest; For remembrance!

LXXXVI.

TO GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"*There is one Spirit.*"—Eph. v. 4.

Holy Spirit, God and King!
Thankful praise to thee we bring,
For thy love and comforting.
Listen, Lord, and bless.

In the greatness of thy might;
By thy mercies infinite;
Influence our steps aright!
Listen, Lord, and bless.

Grant us grace thy will to do,
All our varied journey through,
With rejoicing ever new!
Listen, Lord, and bless.

Stir us up to Godly zeal,
Life's demands to know and feel;
Keep, till heaven its bliss reveal!
Listen, Lord, and bless.

LXXXVII.

"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he ll teach you all things."—John xiv. 26.

COME, the love of Christ revealing,
Sanctifying Spirit, come!
All our pains and sorrows healing;
Come to guide our footsteps home.

Life hath pathways darkly shaded,
Many burthens hard to bear;
Flowers of promise quickly faded,
Days and nights of grief and care.

Yet, Lord, thy sweet love possessing,
We will never be dismayed;
Life in thee, is joy and blessing,
Trusting hearts are not afraid.

Come and help us, come and cheer us,
By thy presence and thy love;
Keep, in mercy, always near us,
Till we reach our home above!

LXXXVIII.

"*The Spirit—will guide you into all truth.*"—John xvi. 3.

THOU blessed Spirit, by whose aid
Life's path is safely trod;
Its varied scenes and duties made,
True progress home to God.

Come to our hearts, Lord! and abide,
A welcome guest therein;
Help to withstand assaults of pride,
To fight and conquer sin.

The grace and peace of Christ reveal,
His everlasting love;
Disperse the doubts that would conceal,
Our hope of rest above.

Come with the joy thy love imparts,
Sweet sense of sin forgiven;
With patience fill our restless hearts,
And guide us home to heaven.

LXXXIX.

"*Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his rit.*"—1 John iv. 13.

COME unto me, O come to me,
Thou blessed Spirit, come;
To fill my heart with sanctity,
And use it as thy home.

Thy pure and holy influence
Grant, Lord, my soul within;
Expelling, by thy presence, thence
The love and life of sin.

O teach me with all thankfulness,
Thy holy will to do;
And every aim and effort bless,
Time's tangled journey through.

How sweet the life that leads to thee;
Sin conquered and forgiven;
A present calm security,
And coming rest, in heaven!

XC.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.*"—Gal. v. 22, 23.

BLESSED Spirit! safely guiding,
All who put their trust in thee;
For their ceaseless need providing,
With a loving ministry;
Lord, so bless us,
That our hearts thy home may be!

Come to cheer us with the blessing
Of a thankful memory;
Happy always, while possessing,
Patience and humility.
Come and teach us,
Till thy glory, Lord, we see!

O the glory!—all thy giving
Where the life from sin is free;
And the perfectness of living,
Is with thee, O Lord, to be.
Thankful! joyful!
Praising thee eternally!

XCI.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is Love.*"—Gal. v. 22.

COME, Holy Spirit! and abide
Within the secret of my soul;
The impulses of life to guide;
Each thought and feeling to control.

Come, that the fruit may fairly show
In purity and power of love;
While in thy holy fear I grow,
And thine exalting influence prove.

What joy, to love with heart-delight,
The everything that pleaseth thee,
Walk with uprightness in thy sight,
And serve with all fidelity!

Come, Holy Spirit! and inspire
My soul with love, so strong and true,
That it shall be my life-desire,
That law to keep, thy will to do!

XCII.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is—Joy.*"—Gal. v. 22.

COME, Holy Spirit, make thy home
For ever, in my grateful heart;
With fruit of joy and gladness come,
Thy sanctifying to impart.

Though outward things of various claim
Present themselves, with urgent plea;
Do thou, in my Redeemer's name,
My chiefest friend and solace be.

For all the joy which time presents
Is insecure, and frail at best;
And all life's progress and events,
Have, for my soul's deep crave, no rest.

But joy in God! that joy of thine,
How precious, perfect, holy, pure!
Come, that thy presence, so divine,
My joy eternal may ensure!

XCIII.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is—Peace.*"—Gal. v. 22.

COME, Holy Spirit! come to bless
My burthened soul, with heavenly peace;
The fruit, a life of righteousness,
While doubts and fears their turmoil cease.

The peace of God! what deep repose,
What calm, ineffable, shall spring
When into every thought it flows,
All anxious sorrow solacing.

Come, that with all the world around,
My heart shall feel and be at rest;
My daily life and walk abound
With patient love thereon imprest.

And ever, as time hastes away,
Let more abounding grace be given;
Till in the light of perfect day,
My soul shall know the peace of heaven.

XCIV.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is—Long-suffering.*"—Gal. v. 22.

COME, Holy Spirit! let me be
 Thy merciful abiding place;
And by thy loving ministry,
 Bestow the plenitude of grace.

With gentleness, long-suffering,
 Lord, thou hast kindly dealt with me;
And I would fain, in everything,
 So learn, that I may follow thee.

Let godly fruit, in life and deed,
 My reverent obedience show;
Thy love supplying all my need,
 Whate'er I am, where'er I go.

I fain, O Lord, through all my days,
 Would be long-suffering, patient, meek;
And while I tread thy holy ways,
 Thy help and blessing, only, seek.

XCV.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is—Gentleness.*"—Gal. v. 22.

COME, Holy Spirit! in thy might,
Of gentleness, to make me strong;
To lead me in the path of light,
And fill my heart with grateful song.

O let in me the fruit appear
Of thine indwelling influence;
The habit of my living, clear
From pride, presumption, or pretence.

A life of gentleness, O Lord,
I would should be my life in thee;
Accordant with thy holy word,
True, sanctified simplicity.

Help, blessed Spirit, as I strive
Thy gentle suasion to attain;
Till, heart-aches over, I arrive
Where strifes shall never grieve again.

XCVII.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is ... Goodness.*"—Gal. v. 22.

COME, Holy Spirit! in the power
Of goodness, infinitely great;
To cheer and chasten every hour,
My life's whole course to regulate.

Come, to implant in me the seed
Of holiness, in thought and word;
That fruit may, in my every deed,
Show forth thy praise, my gracious Lord.

Reveal to me the blessedness
Of goodness, ever found in thee;
And let my use of life express,
How glad and good true hearts may be.

Show me that Christ, my Lord, would have
His life the pattern for my own;
And may his will and power to save,
To all the world, in me be shown.

XCVII.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is ... Faith.*"—Gal. v. 22.

COME, Holy Spirit! and inspire
My soul with faith's exalted grace;
And let it be my chief desire,
To honour thee in every place.

That as the fruit of thy true love,
Implanted my poor heart within;
My life its honest faith may prove,
By serving thee, and hating sin.

All things are thine, and all obey
The wise ordaining of thy will;
How good to wait, and watch thy way,
In thankfulness of patience, still.

What blessedness to rest on thee,
What joy to live without one care;
Thy loving-kindness, Lord, to see
In all things, always, everywhere.

XCVIII.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is—Meekness.*"—Gal. v. 23.

COME, Holy Spirit! gentle, kind,
Mighty to help, and strong to keep;
Whose holiness, with love combined
Is meekness, pure, refined, and deep.

Teach me to live a life so true,
So simple, in its thoughtful care,
That holy fruit, its progress through,
May praise thee, ever, everywhere.

O who so meek as He who bore
My sins and sorrows, pains and grief;
Who died, my comfort to restore,
And lives to bless with love's relief.

Come, make me meek as He was meek,
Unselfish in each thought and word;
I would not other pattern seek,
But only be just like my Lord.

XCIX.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is—Temperance.*"—Gal. v. 23.

Come, Holy Spirit! Lord most high,
Imbue my life with earnest zeal;
With love's entire integrity,
My want to own, my weakness feel.

In all my conduct, fill my heart
With motive and intention pure,
That life, well tempered in each part,
Lord, thine approval may secure.

In springing thought, and spoken word,
By temperance in mode and tone,
Let fruit of holy purpose, Lord,
Be by a loving service known.

That living sanctioned by thy love,
The constant aspect of my ways,
May show my journey leads above;
Its course a tribute to thy praise.

C.

PRAISE TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

"*The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.*"—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the love of God the Father, and the grace of Christ the Son,
And communion of the Spirit, rest upon us, every one;
Love upholding and sustaining, which nor time or death shall sever;
Love and grace and fellowship, comforting our souls for ever!

None may stay the free outflowing, none resist the boundless love,
Which through Christ our Lord and Saviour, promiseth the rest above;
Never shadow, never sadness, may o'ercloud the Christian's day,
When the love of God our Saviour has removed our sins away.

Though our heritage be conflict, God abides, our shield and guide;
And though sorrow be life's burthen, yet the Lord is on our side;
What so blessed as to serve him! let our lives his love proclaim;
What so gracious as his favour! laud and magnify his name!

Ever then, to God our Father, God and Lord of earth and heaven!
Ever unto Christ our Saviour, be all praise and glory given!
Ever to the Holy Spirit, honour and thanksgiving be!
Now and always we will praise thee, holy, blessed Trinity!

HYMNS

OF

PRAISE, THANKSGIVING,

AND

SUPPLICATION.

CI.

"Blessing and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and hit, be unto our God for ever and ever."—Rev. vii. 12.

HALLELUJAH! God is near us,
 Guides our footsteps everywhere;
He can see, and he can hear us,
 Heal our sorrows, soothe our care.
 Hallelujah!
 He will listen to our prayer.

Hallelujah! praise and blessing
 For his love, in Christ our Lord;
He will to us, sin confessing,
 Pardon, and his peace accord.
 Hallelujah!
 Thanks for his most precious word.

Hallelujah! rest in Heaven
 Comes when work on earth is done;
Strength sufficient will be given,
 And life's victory be won.
 Hallelujah!
Praise the Lord, through Christ the Son.

CII.

"That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever."—1 Pet. iv. 11.

O PRAISE the Lord, all living things,
Praise him, the giver of all good;
All blessing from his bounty springs,
And he deserves our gratitude.

Praise him for loving-kindness shown,
For holy guidance, constant care;
His wisdom through the world is known,
His tender mercies everywhere.

We praise and bless thy glorious grace,
Through Christ the Lord so freely given,
By which, O Lord, the way we trace,
That leads to thee, and peace, in heaven.

Praise, ever praise, for hope so bright,
For promises so sweet and true;
For faith, that soon shall turn to sight,
And the glad home and rest in view.

CIII.

"*I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God.*"—Isa. lxi. 10.

O BE joyful in the Lord,
Sing to Him with heart and voice.
Praise Him for his holy Word,
And with thankful heart rejoice.

O be joyful, Christ hath died!
Christ is living evermore!
And the path is sanctified
Which he one time travelled o'er.

Who may sing, but they who know
God is always near to bless;
Who, by life and lip should show
Christ is all their righteousness?

Let us then with gladness sing,
While we journey to our home;
Thankful for each comforting,
Sure of better things to come.

CIV.

"*The Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments, to a thousand generations.*"—Deut. vii. 9.

THE morning dew, the hush of eve,
The frolic wind, and passing showers,
Sweet music that the song-birds weave,
The deep blue sky, and breath of flowers,
Thy watchful care and kindness prove,
And speak, O Lord, thy boundless love!

The pleasantness and peace of home,
The happy smile and tuneful voice,
Sweet courtesies, that gladly come
To make each loving heart rejoice,
Thy watchful care and kindness prove,
And speak, O Lord, thy boundless love!

But most, the blessed joy of faith,
The hope that trusts in thy good word,
Life's deference to what it saith,
And rest of soul in Christ our Lord,
Thy watchful care and kindness prove,
And speak, O Lord, thy boundless love!

CV.

"*Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.*"—Isa. xxvi. 4.

TRUST ye in the Lord for ever,
In the Lord Jehovah rest,
For his strength is everlasting,
And his loving care the best.

Trust ye Him with faith unfearing,
In his service be ye brave,
God will help thy true endeavour,
Hold thee up, and surely save.

Trust ye then the Lord for ever,
His is everlasting strength,
And his mercy, all sufficient,
Will provide thy home at length.

Mark thy Saviour's footsteps closely,
Follow thou without one fear,
He will comfort thee and guide thee,
Rest is coming! Heaven is near!

CVI.

"*The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.*"—1 Cor. x. 26.

THE earth, O Lord, is all thine own,
Its fulness and its vastness too;
And everywhere thy power is shown,
And loving-kindness ever new.

The beauty of each lovely thing,
The grandeur of the strong and great,
From thine Almighty goodness spring,
And on thy will and purpose wait.

How great thou art, no tongue can tell,
How good, it is our bliss to know;
We fain, O Lord, would serve thee well,
And loving reverence always show.

Through Christ the Lord, thy mercy give,
Rule in our hearts with power divine,
That we in faith and hope may live;
Our life and love for ever thine!

CVII.

" *Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin.*"—att. vi. 28.

SILENTLY the lilies grow,
Lord, we would consider them,
Marking how thy power they show,
In each flower, and leaf, and stem.

Without toil, they lovely are,
Without labour, fair and bright,
And without a thought or care,
Beautifully exquisite!

Never did device of man,
Striving, gain result like this;
Lord, thy wisdom only can
Mould so true a perfectness!

Perfect here, as everywhere,
Perfect most when words of love,
Pardoning grace, through Christ, declare,
Earnest of the rest above!

CVIII.

"*If God so clothe the grass of the field, shall He not much more clothe yo*
Matt. vi. 30.

THE lilies that adorn the field,
The incense of their sweetness yield;
And every lovely flower that grows,
To thee, O God, its beauty owes!

All is thine own! each flower and tree,
All beauty and sublimity,
Each pencilled tint, all form and hue,
To thy great power and skill are due.

Dost thou a flower protect and keep,
Expand its leaves, or watch its sleep?
Much more, dear Saviour, dost thou care
For those who thy own children are.

And we, who follow thee, shall know,
What blessings from thy mercy flow;
And thou wilt keep us, and wilt bless,
With pure and boundless happiness!

CIX.

"*Whatsoever we ask we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight.*"—1 John iii. 22.

GREAT God, thy works proclaim thee good,
As all thy ways betoken love;
And rightly felt and understood,
We look through all, to thee above!

How sweet, our God, to feel thee near,
An ever-living, loving friend;
To follow thee, without one fear;
On thee, in all things to depend.

To know that thou dost always see
Each secret sorrow, every care;
And watchest, oh how tenderly!
To help and bless us everywhere.

Thou art indeed our strength and stay;
Through Christ the Lord, our hope and rest;
And we would fain, through all life's way,
Love that which pleaseth thee the best!

CX.

"*The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them trust in him.*"—Nahum i. 7.

THE Lord is good! a stronghold he,
When troubles gather round about;
And life is burthened heavily,
Through fear within, and foes without.

How good he is! the weary heart
May lean on him, with all its woes;
And he will needful help impart,
As he the living faith bestows.

He knoweth them that trust in him,
And taketh heed to all their ways;
His watchful eye is never dim,
Nor does he tire of ceaseless praise.

The Lord is good! our strength and stay,
His love provides for all our need;
He guides us through the darkest day,
And is, through Christ, a friend indeed.

CXI.

"*The joy of the Lord is your strength.*"—Nahum viii. 10.

THE joy of the Lord is our strength;
 Strength, infinite, constant, and true!
And we, in reliance thereon,
 Life's duties will cheerfully do.
What blessing to rest on his love,
 What comfort when he is our friend,
The precious assurance how sweet,
 That he will uphold to the end!

The joy of the Lord,—it is life!
 The joy of the Lord,—it is peace!
A joy that enlightens all time,
 And never, no never, will cease.
For Christ is the source of our joy,
 His strength is almighty and sure;
And we may rejoice and be glad,
 His blessings for ever endure!

CXII.

"*Be not afraid, only believe.*"—Mark v. 36.

GREAT God, while thine approving smile,
Our comfort is and joy;
And thy true blessing cheers the while,
Our day by day employ;

And up the hill of life, thy hand
With helpful heed, doth guide;
And sin's devisings we withstand,
Fast cleaving to thy side;

We cannot fear, we do not fear,
Whilst thou the way dost bless;
For all is well if thou art near,
And duty, happiness!

How sweet, through Christ the Lord, to live
A life of love in thee!
And sweet the promise thou dost give
Of rest, eternally!

CXIII.

"*Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.*"—Rom. v. 1.

God of grace, our souls adore thee,
For thine ever watchful love;
Lo, we bring our thanks before thee,
Hear us, from thy throne above!

Lord, we thank thee for the blessing
Of a calm and trustful mind;
Which, good hope and faith possessing,
Knows where peace and joy to find.

Thanks for pardoning mercy granted,
Through the grace of Christ our Lord;
Thanks for happy thoughts implanted
In our hearts, by thy true word.

Thanks for the sweet rest before us,
Rest in heaven, with Christ and thee;
Where thy love rejoicing o'er us,
Our eternal peace shall be!

CXIV.

"*By the grace of God I am what I am.*"—1 Cor. xv. 10.

By the grace of God it is
My poor heart is truly blest,
Hopes for heaven's eternal bliss,
All its joy, and peace, and rest.

What I am, I am alone,
By his gift of grace bestowed,
Or indeed, I ne'er had known,
Had not trod the homeward road,

Thanks and praise for helpful grace,
By the blessed Saviour given;
For the heart's sweet resting-place,
Through his precious love, in heaven.

God of grace, how good thou art!
All my trust abides in thee;
And my ever grateful heart,
Thine alone, O Lord, shall be.

CXV.

"*A place of refuge.*"—Isa. iv. 6.

A PLACE of Refuge, Lord, thou art,
Where from the world, and sin, apart,
Our souls in safety may retreat
From threatening storm, or noontide heat.

How precious, when beset by foes,
To seek thy solace and repose;
When burthened by life's fear and care,
To thee, our Refuge, to repair.

For well we know, that never word,
Forbidding us, thou speakest, Lord!
But ever, when assailed by sin,
Dost watch, to welcome us within.

All, all is known, dear Lord, to thee,
Life's danger, and anxiety,
And unto thee we gladly come,
Our place of Refuge, and our home.

CXVI.

"*I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth, but I have called you friends.*—John xv. 15.

O PRECIOUS hope which thou hast given,
For heart and faith to rest upon;
Bright light, to cheer our path to heaven,
Great God, in thy beloved Son!
Our blessed, everlasting friend,
Who loving, loveth to the end.

Happy indeed, when cares assail,
To him our sorrows to confide;
And when our faith and hope would fail,
To know that he is near our side;
A precious Saviour, kind and strong,
To whom our cares and griefs belong.

Friend of all friends most true and best!
So comfort with thy counsel, Lord,
That every thought may be at rest,
And all thy way and will adored;
And we so love and follow thee,
That life true joy and peace may be.

CXVII.

"*Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.*"—1 Pet. v. 7.

All our care, Lord, all our fear,
To thy mercy-seat we bring;
In thy loving pity hear,
Granting us thy solacing.
Lo, we trust thy faithful word,
That thou carest for us, Lord!

Every sorrow, Lord, and pain,
We will cast upon thy love;
Give us patience, doubts restrain,
Guide us to thy rest above.
Lo, it is a faithful word,
That thou carest for us, Lord!

More than all, sin's heavy care,
Grievous to our souls must be;
Yet—how great thy mercies are!
Even this we bring to thee,
Resting on the faithful word,
That thou carest for us, Lord!

CXVIII.

"*Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day.*"—Acts xxvi. 22.

By the help obtained from thee
We continue to this day,
Though the world's sad vanity,
Often would have led astray,
And the heart's dark history,
Tells of conflicts on the way.

Thanks to thee, for help so true,
Thanks for guidance good and right;
Praise unceasing, Lord is due
For thy mercy infinite,
Every morning fresh and new,
Sweet and pleasant every night!

Gracious God, accept our praise
For thine help, through Christ thy Son;
Now and ever we would raise
Thanks, for what thy love hath done;
Grant us all-sufficient grace,
Till the rest of heaven be won!

CXIX.

"*The days of thy mourning shall be ended.*"—Isa. lx. 20.

We thank thee, O Lord, for thy merciful love,
Which cheers with the promise of blessings above;
Sweet rest from life's trouble, its sorrow, and care;
Relief and release from the burthens we bear.

Oh weary, so weary! we often become,
While striving, and hoping, and longing for home,
That gladly indeed do we treasure thy word,
That mourning and grief shall be ended, good Lord!

How precious the peace we enjoy even here,
When Christ cheers the darkness and smiles through the fear;
But there! to be there! in the daylight with thee,
What blessed and perfect delight it shall be!

No shadow of doubt, not a sorrow or sin,
All sunshine without and all pureness within;
O merciful Spirit, thy guidance afford,
That we may rejoice in this joy of the Lord!

CXX.

"A merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of his people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."—Heb. ii. 17, 18.

Deep in the memory of the heart,
How many a record lies
Of conflicts where we bore a part,
Defeats, and victories!

The dreary times when sin assailed,
With subtle skill and power;
When hope, and faith, and courage failed,
In many an anxious hour.

And then the help thy love would bring,
When most we felt its need;
The kind and timely succouring,
True, loving help, indeed!

Our gracious God! with thankfulness
We mark thy varied aid;
And forward to the future press,
Christ with us, not afraid!

CXXI.

"*It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.*"—Lam. iii. 26.

When the heart muses in some heavy grief,
And wonderingly waits before thee, Lord,
How sweetly sounds the whisper of relief,
From promise and the counsel of thy word.

The gentle voice that bids the weary come,
The proffered refuge and the promised rest;
The pleasant words inviting to our home,
The light that shineth where the path is best.

How precious to repose, with every pain,
Near the kind friend, who all our sorrow knows,
Who helps us from all murmuring to refrain,
And his wise purpose in the trial shows.

Sweet to be still and calm! and gladly wait
To learn the kindness and to feel the love;
On his example fondly meditate,
And leave the meaning to be told above!

CXXII.

"*Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.*"—Matt. xxviii.

THROUGH life's conflict and distress,
When in fear and weariness,
Though we meet with doubt and care,
Snares and pitfalls everywhere,
Oh the comfort of thy word,
"I am with you always," Lord!

Sweet to feel thee near our side,
And to know that thou dost guide,
That each footstep leads aright,
Through the darkness to the light;
Joy indeed to trust thy word,
"I am with you always," Lord!

Joy to have a loving friend
With us to the very end,
Comforting, until we come
To our happy rest and home,
There to know how true the word,
"I am with you always," Lord!

CXXIII.

"*The Shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*"—Isa. xxxii. 2.

When the sun's heat upon the scorched land,
Makes the way homeward very, very weary;
And roughnesses and snares on every hand,
Render the pilgrimage, oh, sad and dreary;

What joy and sweet refreshment to lie down,
Beneath some overhanging, rocky cover,
And thankfully the cooling influence own,
And gain new strength to pass the desert over!

So on life's journey, while the toilsome way,
With oft-recurring hindrances depresses,
And harsh obstructions tempt our feet to stray,
How anxiously the soul its care confesses!

Then, finding Jesus, finds in him indeed
Sweet shadow, as of great rock, cool and cheering;
O blessed Lord, true shelter for all need,
We rest and hope in thee with faith unfearing!

CXXIV.

"*I told them of the hand of my God which was good upon me.*"—Nehem. ii. 18.

HEARKEN! fellow-pilgrims, hearken
To my true and thankful tale,
How the hand of God has led me
With too firm a grasp to fail,
Through temptations, grief, and care,
Good upon me, everywhere.

Oftentimes the way was lonesome,
Often with bereavements sad,
Yet his smile life's burthen lightened,
And his counsel made me glad,
For his hand still held on mine,
With a loving strength divine.

Aye, 'tis good and blessed, always,
When God's hand upon us rests;
While he hears our faintest whisper,
And attends to our requests.
Hearken! only Christians prove
Thus, the Saviour's precious love!

CXXV.

"*Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?*"—Matt. vi. 26.

He who controls the free and boundless flight,
The soaring sweep of glad Archangel's wing,
Is the same God whose mercy exquisite,
Protects and comforts every living thing.

The small bird's fluttering; sport of painted fly;
And all the changeful mood of passing day;
Are watched by his controlling wisdom nigh,
His purpose serve, his holy will obey.

So, thanks to God! our often vexed affairs,
The ebb and flow of circumstance and thought,
The mystery of life and all its cares,
Are lessons, He the teacher, we the taught.

How good to learn our need, and his great might,
The plague of sin, and his unbounded love,
Christ's wondrous peace and patience infinite,
And then, wait on in hope, for rest above!

CXXVI.

"*And Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God, and all the people answered, Amen.*"—Nehem. viii. 6.

When, O Lord, thy people bringing
To the loved accustomed place,
Thanks and praises, gladly singing
Of thine all-sufficient grace;
There, O Lord, with them, and then,
We will say, Amen, Amen!

When with memories of sadness
To thy mercy-seat they come;
When their hearts with bounding gladness
Plead thy promised guidance home;
There, O Lord, with them, and then,
We will say, Amen, Amen!

When in hope of heaven's true living
They rejoice with fervid praise;
When for blessings and forgiving,
They triumphant anthems raise;
There, O Lord, with them, and then,
We will say, Amen, Amen!

CXXVII.

"*There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.*"—Rom. viii. 1.

We render thee our hearty thanks, O Lord,
For all the blessed teaching of thy Word;
Leaning with rest of hope, and strength of faith,
On every comfortable word it saith.

What bliss that sin, through Christ our Lord, forgiven,
There is for us the certain home in heaven;
That while in Him our souls in truth abide,
None may condemn, for He himself hath died.

No condemnation, but the rather peace;
No death, but life, in infinite release;
Nor fear or doubt remaining to annoy,
But present blessedness, and coming joy.

We thank thee, gracious God, for thy true love,
For promised perfectness of life above,
And wait upon thee with entire delight,
Rejoicing in thy mercy, infinite!

CXXVIII.

" *Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.*—Prov. xxix. 25.

LORD GOD of Hosts, our Lord and God Almighty,
We build our faith, and rest our hope on thee,
And all the storms of life, and all its buffets,
But the more strengthening to our trust shall be.

Come life, with all variety of changing,
Come death, with its solemnity of call;
We will not blench, nor own one sad misgiving,
For that we know thy love controlleth all.

Blessed for ever, as for ever blessing,
Thy changeless love, in Jesus Christ our Lord!
Therein we rest, with most entire confiding,
Claiming each precious promise of thy word.

So weak we are, O God, we needs must love thee;
Thy love, so boundless, needs must hold us fast;
And we, rejoicing in our Lord and Saviour,
Will cleave to thee till all life's care is past

CXXIX.

" *The Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary, there is no searching of his understanding.—They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.*—Isa. xl. 28, 31.

WEARY, weary, very weary!
Pity me, thou gracious Lord;
Sinful, sinful, very sinful!
Speak to me a cheering word.

Blessed, blessed, very blessed!
Is the life that lives to thee;
Holy, holy, very holy!
Hearts where thou art pleased to be.

Happy, happy, very happy!
Is thy service, Lord most high;
Sweetly, sweetly, very sweetly!
Songs are echoed from the sky.

Joy of joys, oh very joyful!
All thy promises of rest;
Ever, ever, aye for ever!
In thy presence to be blest.

CXXX.

" *The ransomed of the Lord—shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.*"—Isa. xxxv. 10.

THOUGH sorrow and sighing life's path are surrounding,
Though pain, with its wearying, troubles the way,
Yet, Lord, in thy love there is comfort abounding,
And wherever thou art is the gladness of day.

Ah, sin is sad sorrow, and heartache, and sighing,
And sickness comes solemnly home to the soul,
But thy loved ones rejoice, with true courage defying,
Despondence and fear in their tyrant control.

For ransomed and free men! made free by the blessing
Of Christ's loving-kindness, their hope is on high,
And the joy of thy presence and solace possessing,
Faith smiles at life's sorrows, if thou, Lord, art nigh.

And there cometh the joy, great joy and for ever!
When trials, and anguish, and perils shall cease,
When sin shall perplex us, and trouble us, never,
But Christ be our infinite blessing and peace!

CXXXI.

"*A certain blind man sat by the wayside begging, and hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant, and they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passed by. And he cried, saying, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me. And they rebuked him, that he should hold his peace: but he cried so much the more.*"—Luke xviii. 35—39.

PASS us not by, Lord, in our deep distress,
In all our helplessness and poverty;
While eager multitudes about thee press,
And thou art come to save; Pass us not by!

Pass us not by! look, Lord, how weak we are,
How destitute and lonely; let thine eye
Rest but a moment on our sad despair;
Who pitiful like thou; Pass us not by!

Pass us not by! we know thou hast full store
Of blessing, in untold variety;
And we are weak, with wearied feet and sore,
Needing thy healing, Lord; Pass us not by!

Pass us not by! we hear thy gentle voice;
Speak peace to our poor hearts' necessity;
Lord, let our souls in thy sweet love rejoice;
Pass us not by, dear Lord; Pass us not by!

CXXXII.

"*And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and shall come to Zion with songs.*"—Isa. xxxv. 10.

FROM our weary wandering,
Far away from thee and home;
With a heart of sorrowing,
That we ever so could roam;
Zion seeking, Lord, we sing,
Ransomed! Ransomed! as we come.

Ransomed from the waywardness
Of a careless heart, O Lord,
We, returning, would confess,
Our neglect of thy good word;
Our repentant coming bless,
And the joy of hope accord.

Oh the gladness and the peace,
Of a heart at rest with thee!
While our faith and love increase,
God in Christ our song shall be;
His our Ransom and release,
His the praise, eternally!

CXXXIII.

"*Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world—the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*"—1 John ii. 15—17.

Coming, Going! Coming, Going! friends and loved ones here to-day,
Then, the shadow falling dark; loved ones, friends, are gone away;
Coming, Going! Coming, Going! changes, changes round about,
Through the web and woof of life, sorrow passeth in and out.

Coming, Going! Coming, Going! human fancies all so frail;
Grand devisings strangely naught; worldly promise born to fail;
Coming, Going! Coming, Going! bold proud footsteps fiercely taken,
Ah the folly, fruitless folly! pride is friendless and forsaken.

Coming, Going! Coming, Going! lonesome life is rough and rude,
All its doings false and feeble, all its thought ingratitude;
Coming, Going! Coming, Going! exquisitely sad the need,
Wonderfully lone and dreary, infinitely sad indeed!

Coming, Going! Coming, Going! all the Time will soon be done,
Shelter thee in God thy Lord, and in Jesus Christ His Son;
Coming, Going! Coming, Going! change and death shall then be well,
And thy blessed life in Heaven brighter far than words can tell.

CXXXIV.

"*The crumbs which fall from the Master's table.*"—Matt. xv. 27.

Pity me, oh pity me,
In my urgency of need,
Lo, I bow myself to thee,
For my case is sad indeed,
In my dire extremity,
For thy mercy, Lord, I plead.

Thou dost know the pressing grief,
All the trouble of my soul,
How o'er life, so dark and brief,
Waves of many sorrows roll,
Grant, oh grant me thy relief,
Care, and pain of sin, control!

All unworthy as I am,
Yet upon thee I must rest,
Lord, thy children's crumbs I claim,
See! it is my heart request,
And my only plea the name
Of my Saviour, ever blest!

CXXXV.

"*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"—Matt. xi. 28.

COME unto me! sweet words, O Lord, are thine
For we with many burthens are opprest;
And foes without, and fears within, combine,
To make us very weary, needing rest.

Come unto me! and thou art Lord of all!
Things present and to come belong to thee;
Our blessed Saviour, at thy loving call
We come, beseeching thee our guide to be.

Come unto me! what precious words of love,
To comfort and encourage on our way,
Foretelling holy life prepared above;
What joy to hear! how pleasant to obey!

Come unto me! yea, Lord, we hear and come,
All heavy laden as we are and sad;
So weary, weary! longing for our home,
Oh grant us peace and rest, and make us glad!

CXXXVI.

" *Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not ent therein.*"—Mark x. 15.

LORD, I would come to thee, as comes a child,
To a fond parent, to be loved and blest;
My Father! keep me pure and undefiled,
And comfort with thy peace, and heart at rest.

What can I do, but to my Father come,
Who knows the toil and perils of the way;
And has such tender heart, and blessed home,
Where, safe and happy, I may always stay.

In pitifulness look upon me, Lord,
My heart is all too wayward, too unwise;
How much I need thy good and gentle word,
To guide me safely through life's mysteries!

Bless thine own child, Lord, poor indeed, and weak,
Bless and protect me with thy loving care;
And help me, with true heartedness, to seek
Thy sanction and approval, everywhere.

CXXXVII.

"*Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life.*"—James i. 12.

THE world assails us, and we fly
Lord Jesus, unto thee;
Shelter, and while the storm is high,
Our strength and refuge be!

Our souls are wearied by the strife
Of sins that so distress;
While shadows gather round our life,
And hope is comfortless.

We would that hope and heart were stayed
On thine unchanging power;
Thy presence and strong arm our aid
In every troubled hour.

Mighty to save! our God and friend!
Lord Jesus, bid us come;
Sustain and cheer till life shall end
And we are safe at home.

CXXXVIII.

"Unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think unto him be glory,—by Jesus Christ."—Eph. iii. 20, 21.

Blessed Saviour! thou dost know,
How the waves of sorrow flow;
All the conflict and the care,
Thronging, pressing, everywhere;
All the busy, ceaseless strife,
And the weariness of life.

Blessed Saviour! thou canst heal,
All the griefs thy people feel;
And o'ercome the woe of sin,
Dwelling, Lord, their hearts within;
While thy loving power is such,
They can never ask too much.

Blessed Saviour! in the might,
Of thy mercy infinite,
Come, and dwell in our poor hearts,
With the peace thy love imparts;
Healing, teaching, blessing, come,
Make our happy hearts thy home!

CXXXIX.

"*Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.*"—Isa. xl. 1.

O YES, indeed, our God, indeed,
While life is burthened so with care,
Thy comfort, we thy people need;
Great God, how sweet thy comforts are!

How many strange disturbing things,
Beset our path with grief and pain;
And everywhere temptation springs,
And sin, repulsed, returns again.

Oh comfort us, thy people, Lord!
Speak to our souls in tones of peace;
Instruct us by thy holy word,
And bid our fears and sorrows cease.

Oh joyful comfort of that love,
Which Christ the Lord to us imparts!
Great God, in mercy from above,
Speak comfortably to our hearts.

CXL.

"*The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.*"—James v. 11.

How often, often, our poor hearts,
 Thy loving mercy need;
The peace thy presence, Lord, imparts,
 True help, in very deed!

For we forget, and go astray,
 And wander far from thee;
Neglecting so, the holy way,
 Of peace and purity.

How precious then the tender care
 Which guides us gently back;
And bids us, for Christ's sake, beware,
 And shows anew the track.

Oh fill us so with thy true fear,
 Thy comforts so restore;
That, happiest, Lord, when thou art near,
 We ne'er may wander more.

CXLI.

"O my God incline thine ear and hear—for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies."—Dan. ix. 18.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
By thy Spirit and the Word,
Now to us thy peace accord.
Hear us, Lord, and bless!

Lo, we bow before thy throne,
Frail and poor, yet still thine own;
Make thy loving presence known.
Hear us, Lord, and bless!

Strength and help, O Lord, we crave,
In thy service to be brave;
From the world's delusion save.
Hear us, Lord, and bless!

Fill us with a godly fear,
Let us feel thee ever near,
While glad hope of heaven shall cheer.
Hear us, Lord, and bless!

CXLII.

"*These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.*"—John xx. 31.

LORD, I believe! come to me, Lord!
My soul is all prepared for thee;
Come, by thy Spirit and thy Word,
To comfort and encourage me.

I would indeed be wholly thine,
My soul thine undivided home;
Come, with abiding love divine,
In sanctifying fulness come!

Without thee, Lord, my life were sad,
My pathway strangely insecure;
Come, Lord, and make me always glad,
My walk and conversation pure.

Lord, I believe, and rest my soul
On thine eternity of love;
For Christ's sake all my life control,
Till faith is changed to sight above!

CXLIII.

'*That we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.*"—Heb. vi. 18.

THY gracious influence, Lord, impart,
To teach, and help, and strengthen me,
That my poor, weak, and wayward heart,
May consolation find in thee.

How often, often I forget,
My earnest vows before thee made;
And love looks back with deep regret,
And faith is weak, and hope afraid.

Why should I fear, when thy kind hand,
No feebleness or languor knows,
And thou canst help me to withstand,
My inward grief and outward foes!

Lord Jesu' Christ, I would be thine,
In thought and feeling, word and deed;
And while to watch and pray is mine,
Be thy sweet part to intercede.

CXLIV.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?—Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."—Rom. viii. 35, 37.

VERY weary! I would rest,
Gracious God, my heart on thee,
Thou art kindest and the best,
Full of loving sympathy;
Listen to my soul's request,
Comfort and encourage me!

Wearied by the ceaseless war,
Sin maintains in my poor heart,
With the hopelessness and care,
Of the conflict on my part,
Such a strife I cannot dare,
Till I know thou near me art!

Then, though weary, I will fight,
Then, though weak, all foes defy;
Praying, keep my weapons bright,
Hopeful, raise the battle-cry;
Blessed Saviour! in thy might,
I shall gain the victory!

CXLV.

"*He that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever.*"—1 John xi. 17.

O PURIFY my thoughts, good Lord,
Let every feeling holy be;
My thoughts accordant with thy word,
Each wish and will resigned to thee.

The sorrow that afflicts my heart,
Ah, I would welcome it as thine;
The pain that wearies with its smart,
Would bear, as sent by love divine.

This is not home, nor is it rest,
How glad I am this truth to know!
The way thou dost ordain is best,
I fain would always feel it so.

O blessed Saviour, be my guide,
Lead in the path which thou hast trod;
And whatsoever may betide,
Thy will be mine, my gracious God!

CXLVI.

"*The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect.*"—1 Pet. v. 10.

GOD of wisdom and of might,
By thy mercy infinite,
By thy kindness and thy care,
Of thy children everywhere,
Comfort us, O Lord, and bless
With thy perfect holiness!

We are very frail and weak,
Help and guidance, Lord, we seek;
Sinful thoughts about us creep,
Often we have cause to weep;
Gracious Saviour, cheer and bless,
With thy perfect holiness!

Mould our hearts to thy good will,
With thy love our bosoms fill;
Teach us by thy holy word,
Chasten, yet sustain us, Lord;
Bless us, oh our Saviour bless,
With thy perfect holiness!

CXLVII.

"*He hath filled the hungry with good things.*"—Luke i. 53.

LORD, the hunger of my soul,
Is for food which thou dost give;
Other appetite control,
Teach me on thyself to live.

Worldly promises all fail,
Fitful are its best supplies;
Sinful hopes and joys assail,
With their sad hypocrisies.

Grant me, Lord, a full supply
Of the Saviour's righteousness;
Holy cravings satisfy,
Comfort me, O Lord, and bless.

Thou, Lord, art my one desire,
Thy sustaining is the best;
All my hopes to thee aspire,
On thy love alone I rest!

CXLVIII.

"*Let us—come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.*"—Heb. iv. 16.

With the boldness love imparts,
To thy throne of grace we come;
Though it be with burthened hearts,
Yet, dear Lord, it is our home.

Lo! it is our time of need,
We are weary, sad, and faint;
So, for mercy, Lord, we plead;
Listen to our earnest plaint.

Grant us, mercy, for the sake
Of thine ever blessed Son;
Let us of his grace partake,
While the race of life we run.

Boldly, humbly, thus we wait
At thy throne, for blessing, Lord;
Help us in our low estate,
Pardon and thy peace accord.

CXLIX.

"O Lord I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."—Jer. x. 23.

Not my own will, and not my way,
For they would lead my heart astray,
From thee, my blessed Lord;
But I would fain that thou shouldst guide,
Thy hand uphold, thy love provide;
My hope rest on thy word,

Thy way, my God, is ever best,
Thy will, my soul's refreshing rest,
Thy mercy, true and pure;
Oh for the peace that has no fear,
The faith that feels thee always near,
The blessings that endure!

For Jesus' sake control my will,
Bid every trembling thought be still,
All doubt and care dispel;
Then, while rejoicing in thy sight,
To please thee shall be my delight,
And life or death be well!

CL.

"*The Master is come, and calleth for thee.*"—John xi. 28.

MASTER! dost thou call for me?
 Is it thy kind voice I hear,
Bidding me to follow thee,
 Telling me I need not fear?

Is it thou, who in the care,
 By the sorrows of my heart,
Showest me that everywhere,
 Thou canst needful help impart?

All the burthen of my sin,
 Weariness and toil of life,
Every fear my soul within,
 All temptation, grief, and strife;

Blessed Master! all are known
 To thy tenderness of love;
Show me that I am thine own,
 Keep me, till at rest above!

CLI.

"*Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*"—2 Pet. iii. 18.

I KNOW, O Lord, that it is well,
My heart should be conformed to thine;
That all my use of life may tell
Of motives and results divine.

I would, my God, that my poor heart
Should by the moulding of thy love,
Be fashioned, in its every part,
True likeness of thyself above.

Like my dear Lord! what joy to be
In thought and heart thy faithful friend;
Each feeling clothed with purity,
My time regardful of the end.

Watch o'er the process, blessed Lord,
By which, my soul, thy will is shown;
Till life accords with thy good word,
Each thought and action thine alone.

CLII.

"*Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.*"—Mark x. 47.

JESUS, thou Son of David, hear!
Be merciful, O Lord, to me;
I know that thou art passing near,
Open my eyes that I may see.

I fain would see the loving smile,
That cheers and soothes believing hearts;
The look that sorrow can beguile,
That softens care, and peace imparts.

O let me see the gentle mode,
Saviour of Sinners! truest Friend!
By which, to brighten life's dull road,
Thy tender mercies condescend.

Show me the beauty of thy grace,
The excellence of all thy ways;
Till Heaven unveils thy lovely face,
And life is love, and love is praise.

CLIII.

"*Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.*"—Isa. l. 10.

KEEP us in thy fear, comfort us, O Lord,
Ever be thou near, teaching by thy word;
We are very weak while our foes are strong,
Thy kind help we seek, thronging cares among.

Lo! O Lord, how sad, sick and faint, we are,
Come to make us glad, come to heal and spare;
Come thou, and abide in our hearts to bless,
Keep us near thy side in our worst distress.

Thou art wise and strong, ever good and right,
Grace and peace belong, patience infinite
To thyself alone, always full and free,
Make thy mercy known, blessed Lord, to me.

All my hope is stayed, all my joy and peace,
On thy present aid, never more to cease;
Grant me here thy rest, then the rest above,
Blessed, ever blest, in thy changeless love!

CLIV.

"*What is that to thee? Follow thou me.*"—John xxi. 22.

GREAT GOD, I would that my poor heart
Should be so filled with love divine,
Thy service so my chosen part,
That I may be entirely thine.

No room within my soul for aught
That would to thee displeasing be,
But every thought and feeling fraught
With patience and humility.

My words with gentleness express
For others, true and helpful care,
My life a watchful heed to bless
With courteous kindness, everywhere.

I would so follow thee, my Lord,
So copy thee in all my ways,
That secret thought, and spoken word,
May be my sacrifice of praise.

CLV.

"*Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power. Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on thee.*"—2 Chron. xix. 11.

LORD, it is nothing unto thee
To save by many, or the few;
Only do thou our helper be,
Life's pilgrimage and conflict through.
Help us, O Lord,
Thy word to trust, thy will to do.

We rest on thee; what joy to rest
On thy sustaining arm of might,
When by our cares and toils opprest,
Regrets and griefs, so exquisite.
Help us, O Lord,
To wait on thee, and do the right.

We have no power ourselves to keep,
Nor light or wisdom for the way;
And yet, our constant need, how deep,
How apt our feet to go astray.
Help us, O Lord,
For Christ's sake, help us, Lord, we pray!

CLVI.

"*Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith.*"—Matt. viii. 26.

LORD, we would question with our souls,
 Why they can ever yield to fear,
While thy kind hand our life controls,
 And thy strong help is always near.

Increase our faith, that we may be
 All undisturbed by passing things;
Our hearts at perfect rest with thee,
 And solaced by thy comfortings.

For thou art good, and pure indeed,
 And all thy dealings just and right;
And thou dost watch to aid our need,
 With loving-kindness infinite.

O blessed rest for life and heart!
 When Christ the Lord is all our stay;
Thy Spirit, gracious God, impart,
 To take our doubts and fears away.

CLVII.

'*If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.*"—John xiv. 14.

LORD, we believe! and thine own promise plead,
That what we ask, thou verily wilt do;
And we rejoice, whilst thou dost intercede,
That all thy words are infinitely true!

Lord, we are sinful; pardon us, good Lord!
Our hearts are hard, oh mould them to thy will;
Impress on us the precepts of thy word,
And with thy love, our thoughts and motives fill.

Come to us, Lord, and in our souls abide,
A very present help, our joy and stay;
Constrain us tenderly, that near thy side,
We may be comforted through all life's way.

And ever cheer us with good hope of home,
Its rest and purity, and perfect peace;
Till to thy very presence, Lord, we come,
Where life is praise and song, and prayer will cease!

CLVIII.

"*O Lord my God—hearken unto the cry and to the prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee.*"—1 Kings viii. 28.

O THOU who hearest when we pray,
In thy most holy home;
Take our reluctant thoughts away,
And welcome, as we come.

Lord, we would fain that thy kind hand,
Should guide our wayward feet;
That thou shouldst help us to withstand
The snares and foes we meet.

Grant us the teaching of thy love,
Our hearts thy dwelling make;
And cheer with hope of heaven above,
For the Lord Jesus' sake.

O happiness to wait on thee,
Our God, in trustful prayer;
May this our joy and solace be,
Always and everywhere!

CLIX.

"*He will keep the feet of his saints.*"—1 Sam. ii. 9.

KEEP us near to thee, O Lord,
Bless us with thy tender care;
Guide our footsteps by thy word,
Smile upon us everywhere;
Thy sweet fellowship accord,
Brighten hope, and quicken prayer.

O prevent us, lest we stray,
Careless of thy proffered love,
From the path of peace away,
Thoughtless and neglectful prove,
And though succoured day by day,
Quite forget our home above.

Keep, oh keep us, in thy fear,
Our poor hearts thy dwelling make;
Keep us to thy bosom near,
Let us of thy love partake;
Keep, that we may persevere,
For the blessed Saviour's sake!

"*Line upon line, here a little, there a little.*"—Isa. xxviii. 13.

HERE a little, there a little! God's kind mercy and his care,
Morning sunshine, fading evening, fragrant breathings everywhere;
Health and food, and friends and kindred; social blessings numberless;
Here a little, there a little! God's abounding love to bless.

Here a little, there a little! countless lessons by the way,
Pain and sorrow, sin and sadness, often crave to go astray;
Words of comfort, help and hindrance, messages and acts of love;
Here a little, there a little! God's unceasing goodness prove.

Here a little, there a little! line on line in Christ's true word,
Gently spoken, oft repeated, in the soul's soft silence heard;
Brave strong words, love's gentle whisper, holy suasion to the right;
Here a little, there a little! God's salvation infinite.

Here a little, there a little! happy thoughts and hopes of heaven,
Full of comfort and contentment, for life's consolation given;
God our Saviour, God the Spirit, blessing with love's constant care;
Here a little, there a little! great, O Lord, thy mercies are!

PARAPHRASES AND SELECTED SUBJECTS

FROM THE

BOOK OF PSALMS.

CLXI.

THE FIRST PSALM.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful," etc.

BLEST is the man that walketh not in counsel of ungodly men,
Nor standeth in the sinner's way, nor sitteth in the scorner's seat,
But in the law of God his Lord, pryeth with faith's delighted ken,
And meditating day and night, still finds it precious and complete.

He shall be like a tree that grows beside the river's flowing stream,
That flourisheth, and fruitful is, while genial seasons kindly come;
With leaf that never withereth, though shines the sun with scorching beam;
Still prospering in all he doth, God-helped without, God-blest at home.

Ungodly men are never so, but driven chaff-like by the wind,
And therefore in the honoured place, or place of judgment shall not stand;
Nor where the righteous congregate shall sinners an admission find,
But destitute and desolate, live all exposed on every hand.

And while God knows and loves the way his righteous servants gladly take,
And comforts them with Christ's true peace, and will protect and guide them ev
All they who in ungodliness his holy will and law forsake,
Shall perish in their wicked ways; nor peace for them, and blessing never!

CLXII.

"*Make thy way straight before my face.*"—Ps. v. 8.

MAKE thy way before me straight,
Help me, Lord, to set my face
Steadfastly, towards the gate,
Leading to the path of grace.

Earnestly and bravely Lord,
Teach me in thy way to go,
In obedience to thy word,
Bidding me to follow so.

Straight the way where Christ hath gone,
Blessed life to walk with him;
Right and good to follow on
Though the light is often dim.

Glorious way, thine own true way,
Where we travel, safe and blest,
Pilgrims, to eternal day,
Weary, to our heavenly rest!

CLXIII.

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"—Ps. viii. 3, 4.

The wide, blue sky, the teeming earth,
Sun, moon, and stars in bright array;
The joy of morning's fragrant birth,
The calm, as daylight fades away;
With one accordant voice proclaim,
The glory of their Maker's name.

But most of all, we gladly trace,
O God, the wonders of thy love,
When by the teachings of thy grace,
We find the path that leads above,
And with the sense of sins forgiven,
Rejoice in hope of rest in heaven.

Our souls adore the matchless power,
That moulds our wills to thy control;
The light that cheers the darkest hour,
And soothes the sorrows of the soul.
What peace, O Lord, to rest in thee,
With faith's entire integrity!

CLXIV.

"*The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.*"—Ps. xvi. 6.

How pleasant, Lord, the places are,
 Which thou dost sanctify and bless!
The secret home-resort for prayer,
 The heart's sweet haunt of happiness.

The temple where thy people meet,
 Th' appointed place to offer praise,
The portal to thy mercy-seat,
 Where grateful hearts thanksgivings raise.

The Home above, O blessed Home!
 Where Christ the Lord, his glory shows,
And pilgrim-thought by faith may come,
 And feel the joy that from thee flows.

Yea, every place is pleasant, Lord,
 Where thou art present, and dost bless;
And where thou art the most adored,
 Is purest peace, and pleasantness!

CLXV.

"*In thy presence is fulness of joy.*"—Ps. xvi. 11.

Life has shadows, coming, going;
Life has sadness, pain, and care;
Waves of sorrow, ebbing, flowing,
Foes and fightings everywhere.

Gentle hearts are always craving
Growth in grace and holiness;
Come, good Lord, upholding, saving,
Come and cheer us, come to bless.

Teach us that our time is fleeting,
Soon to vanish quite away;
Coming then, thy heavenly greeting,
And the bliss of perfect day.

In thy presence, Lord, what gladness,
Joy in fulness, changing never;
Gone, the night of sin and sadness,
Come, bright light, to last for ever!

CLXVI.

"*The heavens declare the glory of God.*"—Ps. xix. 1.

THE heavens declare thy glory,
The sun's resplendent light;
The moon repeats the story,
To every listening night.

The stars in all their brightness,
O God, thy praise proclaim;
Each cloud of airy lightness,
And calm blue sky the same.

All brightness and all beauty,
Each pure and lovely thing,
And life of cheerful duty,
Their happy tribute bring.

All honour and all blessing,
We render, Lord, to thee;
And Christ's sweet love possessing,
Will joy eternally.

CLXVII.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," etc.

THE Lord most High my Shepherd is, my wants his love supplies,
He knows my cares and dangers too, and listens to my cries;
To pastures green he guideth me, in peaceful rest to lie,
And leadeth my oft weary feet, the still sweet waters by.

So he restores my fainting soul, and for his great Name's sake,
With gentle hand persuadeth me, the righteous path to take;
Yea, though I walk through Death's dark vale, so shadowy and drear,
Since all events and times are his, no evil will I fear.

For thou art with me, and dost help, my blessed Lord and God!
And comfort with the staff of hope, and thy supporting rod;
And thou my table dost prepare, my enemies before,
And while my head thou dost anoint, my cup still runneth o'er.

Oh surely there shall follow me, thy goodness and thy grace,
And all through life, in everything, thy mercy I shall trace;
And from thy house, with all its joys, my heart shall wander never,
But dwelling there, and blessed there, rejoice in thee for ever!

CLXVIII.

" *The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.*"—Ps. xxiii. 1.

THOU blessed Shepherd of thy sheep,
O listen while we pray,
That thou wilt safely guide and keep,
Through all our onward way.

Life is so solemn, and so strange,
So ever new our need,
And our weak hearts so often change,
Thy will so little heed;

That we rejoice, indeed to know
That while we follow thee,
We shall not want, nor sorrowing go,
But safe, and happy be.

Thou gracious Saviour, lead and keep
Our feet in thy good way,
That we, thy so dependent sheep,
May never go astray.

CLXIX.

"*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters.*" —Ps. xxiii. 2.

How pleasant, Lord, the pastures are,
So green, and fresh, and sweet;
Where thou dost lead, with tender care,
Our hesitating feet.

And softly by the water's side
That runs so still and deep,
How gently does thy mercy guide,
Thy often weary sheep.

And very cheering is the voice
That tells us where to rest;
Or chooseth, with a loving choice,
The path which is the best.

Oh very blessed, Lord, are they
Whom thou dost help and keep,
And very good and right the way,
Where thou dost lead thy sheep.

CLXX.

"*He restoreth my soul.*"—Ps. xxiii. 3.

How often, Lord, the weary soul
 Faints with its heavy load,
While overhead the dark clouds roll,
 And shadows hide the road.

How precious then thy presence, Lord,
 Thy word of hope and cheer,
By which our comfort s restored,
 And faith o'ercometh fear.

Oh very good, and very sweet,
 Is all thy holy will,
And ever on life's way we meet
 Thy help and guidance still.

For the Lord Jesus' sake restore
 Our souls, whene'er they fail;
Till safe in heaven, all trial o'er,
 We tell our thankful tale.

CLXXI.

"*He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.*"—Ps. xxiii. 3.

LEAD in the paths of righteousness
Our feet, so apt to stray;
And comfort us, O Lord, and bless,
Upon our homeward way.

For thine own Name's sake, gracious Lord,
Uphold us by thine hand;
And counsel us by thy good word,
Through all this pilgrim land.

Thy promises, precise and clear,
Thy will to help us, prove;
And while we know, and feel thee near,
We cannot doubt thy love.

How blessed, Lord, to follow thee,
Through Christ, with ready feet;
Contentedly, and thankfully,
Though toil and care we meet.

CLXXII.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."—Ps. xxiii. 4.

GREAT GOD, we will not yield to fear,
Though life be full of woe,
If thy supporting arm is near,
To guide us, as we go.

Yea, though through Death's dark valley led
We walk, in heart distress;
No lasting evil can we dread,
If thou, our Lord, dost bless.

For thy strong staff, and thine own rod,
Sustain in every care;
And thy blest presence, gracious God,
Shall comfort everywhere.

If thou art with us, all is well,
And life or death shall be
Cheered by thy love, until we dwell,
In heaven, with Christ and Thee.

CLXXIII.

"*Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies.*"—Ps. xxiii. 5.

THROUGH all life's many wants and cares,
 Thou dost our table spread,
And watch to help, through toils and snares,
 And foes unnumbered.

We know not, Lord, or where, or when,
 Or how we should provide;
But thou preparest, and dost then
 To thy refreshment guide.

And though our enemies are near,
 Whose troublings never cease;
Thou keepest us from harm and fear,
 In quietness and peace.

Oh very merciful thou art,
 In all thy love has done;
Grant us of thy sweet mercy part,
 Through Jesus Christ thy Son.

CLXXIV.

"*Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over.*"—Ps. xxiii. 5.

ANOINT our heads with oil of grace,
Our souls redeem and bless;
And beautify all time and place,
Great God with holiness.

Our hope in thee abides secure,
Our faith is firm and strong,
That we shall to the end endure,
Thy faithful ones among.

For thy kind hand our cup doth fill,
And furnish all our store;
And 'tis of thee, good Lord, that still
The mercy runneth o'er.

O ever we rejoice, and praise
Through Christ our Lord, thy love,
Which comforts thus our earthly days,
And guides to Heaven above.

CLXXV.

"*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.*"—Ps. xxiii. 6.

Not in ourselves, but all of thee,
 There cometh peace and rest;
And by thy blessed ministry,
 Our souls are saved and blest.

O surely thy great goodness, Lord,
 Shall follow all our days;
And our glad thankfulness record,
 Thy blessings and our praise.

How great the mercy, free and pure,
 Thy tender love bestows!
And thy continued help how sure,
 As joyful memory knows.

O blessed rest of head and heart,
 On Christ's sweet love and care!
Teach us to choose the better part,
 And trust thee everywhere.

CLXXVI.

"*I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*"—Ps. xxiii. 6.

How blessed, gracious God, to love
Thy service here below;
Thy help and faithfulness to prove,
Thy truth and mercy know.

How blessed, with unceasing joy,
Within thy house to dwell;
Our heart's untiring, loved employ,
Thy praises, Lord, to tell.

But better, better far, will be
The blessedness to come;
When thy great glory we shall see,
In thine own holy home.

Oh joy to dwell for ever there,
In the Lord's house above;
Released from sin, and pain, and care,
Our life, eternal love.

CLXXVII.

"*All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.*"—Ps. xxv. 10.

O FOR the strong and mighty wings
Of faith, to rise and see,
That all life's joy or sorrow springs,
In wide variety,
All sweet or painful visitings,
From thee, our God, from thee!

How wise and loving is the care,
That watches all our way,
How subtle the temptations are,
Beguiling us to stray,
While not one cross thy love can spare,
One conflict, night or day!

How the Lord Jesus' precious love,
For us is fathomless,
Almighty, sorrows to remove,
Omnipotent, to bless,
And life, once safe in Heaven above,
Is perfect happiness!

CLXXVIII.

"*Unto thee will I cry, O Lord my Rock.*"—Ps. xxviii. 1.

LIKE the sand that shifteth ever,
To the waves' uneasy strife;
Quiet, tranquil, certain, never,
Are the promises of life.

As a rock, securely holding,
Its foundation fathomless;
Gracious God, thy love unfolding,
Everlasting is to bless.

Wonderful in its abounding,
Ceaseless in refreshing flow;
Bright through shadows deep surrounding;
Blessedness, its joy to know!

Lord, with thankful hearts confiding,
In the marvel of thy love;
We, in faith and hope abiding,
Wait its perfectness above.

CLXXIX.

"*For thy name's sake lead me and guide me.*"—Ps. xxxi. 3.

God of life and light,
 God of peace and love,
Guide our feet aright
 To our home above.
Lighten every care,
 Brighten every joy,
Cheer us everywhere
 In thy sweet employ.

For our Saviour's sake,
 By the Spirit's power,
Blest and peaceful make
 Every passing hour.
Teach us by thy word,
 Then, through Christ forgiven,
Satisfy us, Lord,
 With the rest of heaven!

CLXXX.

"*Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.*"—Ps. xxxi. 24.

Our gracious God, we hope in thee,
With most entire content;
Our strength of heart and refuge be,
Through time's bewilderment.

With all good courage we pursue,
Life's often devious way;
While glad and firm allegiance true,
To thee, through Christ, we pay.

Strengthen our hearts with healthful grace,
All folly to withstand;
And grant the faith that loves to trace,
In everything thy hand.

Oh joyful strength, that strong in thee
Has hope in every care;
And by thy Spirit's ministry,
Is happy everywhere!

CLXXXI.

"*Rejoice in the Lord ye righteous, for praise is comely for the upright.*"—Ps. xxxiii. 1.

LET us with a cheerful voice,
In the Lord our God rejoice;
Let us with thanksgiving raise,
Loud hosannahs to his praise.

Praise the Lord, whose loving hand,
Guides us through this pilgrim land;
From whose boundless mercy springs,
Daily helpful comfortings.

Let us praise Him who has given,
Hope, through Christ, of rest in heaven;
By whose blessing life may be,
Full of sweet tranquillity.

Let us all with gladness sing,
Praises to our God and King;
And with thankful heart and voice,
In the love of God rejoice.

CLXXXII.

"*Our soul waiteth for the Lord, he is our help.*"—Ps. xxxiii. 20.

Good Lord, in mercy hear!
Our souls bow down to thee;
Come near, O Lord our God, come near,
Our grievous need to see.

Our faith is all too weak,
Our hope is faint and low;
Speak Lord, in mercy to us speak,
That we in grace may grow.

Great God, we fain would live
A holy life and true;
Help us, O Lord our God, and give
Thy Spirit to renew.

Thou blessed Lord most high,
For Christ's sake we implore
Thy love, our life to sanctify,
Now and for evermore!

CLXXXIII.

"*Our soul waiteth for the Lord, he is our help and our shield. For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.*"—Ps. xxxiii. 20, 21.

Our life, O Lord, is full of care,
The road is rough, and we are weak;
Perils surround us everywhere,
The mercy of thy help we seek.

We ought not, and we do not fear,
We dare not murmur or complain,
While thankfully we feel thee near,
To help and cheer us, or restrain.

So life with all its toil and cares,
Shall be to us the path of peace;
A discipline which best prepares,
For the glad rest that will not cease.

Oh bless us then, our gracious Lord;
And for the sake of Christ thy Son,
The guidance of thy love accord,
Till conflicts cease, and rest is won.

CLXXXIV.

"*Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.*"—Ps. xxxiv. 8.

GREAT GOD, what blessedness attends,
The man who trusts alone in thee;
Whose every step thy love defends,
And thou dost comfort, tenderly.

How blessed, when life's many cares,
Are but thy discipline of love;
And thou dost order his affairs,
And guide him to the rest above.

Oh grant us, Lord, thy Spirit's aid,
That we this happiness may know;
That more and more of sin afraid,
In faith and love our hearts may grow.

For Christ's sake, Lord, our sins forgive;
Our onward course direct and bless;
That life to us may be to live
In trustfulness and blessedness.

CLXXXV.

"Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God, therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. xxxvi. 5, 7.

The morning's joy, the quiet night,
The whispering wind and breath of flowers,
All things of beauty and delight
That cheer and gladden passing hours,
Proclaim, O Lord, thy will to bless
With loving mercies numberless.

The calm and shelter of our home,
Each happy comforting of love,
Unnumbered pleasant hopes that come,
Thy watchfulness of kindness prove;
And ever, with thy mercies given,
Come thoughts of better things in heaven.

And all this comforting of care,
This outpour, blessing us, and blest,
Thy will to save, and heed to spare,
To end, through Christ, in perfect rest!
We praise thee, Lord, with grateful heart;
Great God, how merciful thou art!

CLXXXVI.

"*Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him.*"—Ps. xxxvii. 4, 5.

How precious, Lord, thy mercies are,
 How sweet thy guiding love;
How soothing is the constant care,
 That leads our feet above.

How constantly through all distress,
 Life's many doubts and fears,
Thy presence calms our weariness,
 And comforts, Lord, or cheers.

Blessed, to trace thy hand in all,
 In all, thy wisdom see;
When comes the care, at once to call,
 Lord Jesu' Christ, on thee.

Whilst ever near, and ever kind,
 And full of love thou art;
A trustful heart, and thankful mind,
 Good Lord, to us impart!

CLXXXVII.

"*Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.*"—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

LORD, I would have no other wish or thought
But that thy holy will in me be done;
My plans and purposes, for counsel brought
To Christ my Lord, thine ever-blessed Son.

It may be, that the hopes of many a year,
Cherished with love, must all be put aside;
So be it, Lord! my heart disowns all fear,
'Tis better that thy wisdom should decide.

And darkness or uncertainty may rest,
Upon the future progress of my way;
Yet it is well! thou knowest what is best,
And life's true path is ever towards the day.

My blessed Lord! take thou my hand in thine,
Let me but hear my Saviour's loving voice;
All right to choose, with gladness I resign,
And in thy guidance and control rejoice!

CLXXXVIII.

"*Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.*"—Ps. xxxvii. 7.

REST in the Lord, O rest!
With patience on him wait,
His ways are ever best,
His love supremely great,
And they are blest who wait on him
Whose eyes are never closed or dim.

Rest in the Lord, always,
With patient trust and prayer,
Thy life shall then be praise
Though shaded oft with care,
For He will hear thy soul's deep crave
Who lives, and loves, to help and save.

Rest in the Lord most high!
In patience wait his will,
His grace so magnify,
His law of love fulfil;
He helpeth all who wait and rest,
And they, in Christ the Lord, are blest.

CLXXXIX.

"*Oh rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.*"—Ps. xxxvii. 7.

Oh rest thee, rest thee, in the Lord!
With patience on him wait;
How wise the counsels of his word,
His power to help how great!

Oh rest in him! 'tis rest indeed,
For hearts that weary are;
True refuge for all times of need,
Sweet solace for all care.

Rest! we must rest, we do, we will,
On Christ the Lord alone;
By him God's sweet commands fulfil,
And make his will our own.

Oh blessed rest of patient love,
That waits with godly fear,
While yearning for the home above;
Content and thankful here!

CXC.

"*The Lord upholdeth the righteous. The Lord knoweth the days of the upright, and their inheritance shall be for ever.*"—Ps. xxxvii. 17, 18.

LORD of the wide creation!
We bow before thy throne,
Thou God of our salvation,
Thy will in us be done.
How good, and great, and glorious
Is every work of thine!
Triumphantly victorious,
Thy perfect love divine!

We thankfully adore thee
For countless mercies given,
And wait in hope before thee,
The better things in heaven.
Uphold us, Lord, uphold us,
By thine own hand of might,
Till thou at home enfold us
With blessings infinite!

CXCI.

"*The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.*"—Ps. xxxvii. 23.

Oh joyfulness and blessing!
O comfort and delight!
To know, thy love possessing,
That all our life is right.
That worldly ways forsaken,
Thy hand our guide will be,
And every footstep taken,
Is ordered, Lord, by thee.

How precious the salvation,
For Christ's sake freely given;
And sweet our soul's elation,
As springs the hope of heaven.
Oh joyfulness and blessing!
Oh comfort and delight!
To know thy love possessing,
That every step is right!

CXCII.

"I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me and heard my cry.—And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.—Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust."—Ps. xl. 1, 3, 4.

Now thanks be paid, with heartiness,
To our so mighty God and Lord,
Who bends, our waiting souls to bless
By the strong comfort of his Word.

And who but He whose watchful eyes
Observe the pant and pulse of life,
Can solve its mazy mysteries,
And mould to peace its tangled strife.

So wait we patiently in peace
On Him with studious reverence;
His teaching comes with soul release,
His love with glad omnipotence.

Mighty to save! we bless his name,
Through Christ the Lord, for mercies given,
And humbly dare present our claim,
For promised guidance up to heaven!

CXCIII.

"*I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me.*"—Ps. xl. 17.

Poor and needy, poor and needy, who so destitute as I!
Who surrounded so with shadows looming dark with misery;
Never heart more full of sadness, never life less self-sustained,
Weak of purpose, changeful, wayward, with repeated failures pained.

Lord, thou knowest, sadly wilful! thus my soul its vigour spent,
Till all progress was distasteful, duty burthened with lament;
Yet I now can understand, how in all things, everywhere,
Thou did'st think of me and help with true constancy of care.

And it is a blessed solace, comforting my darkest days,
Stirring in my heart of hearts gladsome thoughts of fervent praise,
For that my so gracious Lord, full of pity and of love,
Thinketh of me, helping, cheering, guiding tenderly above!

Poor and needy I am truly, very far, O Lord, from thee,
Yet what joy that thou, my Saviour, thinkest, thinkest upon me;
And thy thoughts are full of blessing as thy love is very strong;
So I trust thy faithful promise, singing thus my pilgrim song!

CXCIV.

"*Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him.*"—Ps. xlii. 5.

GREAT GOD, we hope in thee,
On thee we place our trust;
For thou canst help us mightily,
So wise thou art, so just!

Our way through life is hard,
And enemies abound;
But thou the path dost safely guard,
And compass us around.

How good thou art, how great,
How patient, and so kind!
On thee our God we gladly wait,
With loving heart and mind.

For the Lord Jesus' sake,
Sustain us by thy power;
Till our new harps in heaven we take,
And praise thee evermore!

CXCV.

"*God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present help in trouble.*"—Ps. xlvi. 1.

God is our Refuge, strong and sure,
Almighty to protect and keep!
In him our faith abides secure,
With cheerful hope, and comfort deep.

God is our Strength! his holy arm
Hath gotten him the victory;
And free from all the world's alarm,
Our trusting hearts shall strengthened be.

A very present help indeed,
Is God, in trouble and distress;
True peace and joy from Him proceed,
The power to guide, the will to bless.

With such a Refuge, such a Strength,
We dare not, and we will not fear;
God will uphold us, till at length,
In heaven's safe stronghold we appear!

CXCVI.

"*God is—a very present help.*"—Ps. xlvi. 1.

If thy strong help were far away,
How sad, O Lord, our life must be,
Our feet so apt to go astray,
Our hearts estranged from good and Thee.

But thou art very present, Lord,
Mighty to help, and kind and true;
And every promise of thy word
Encourages, and comforts too.

We rest on thine upholding care,
We crave and claim thy hand to guide;
For Christ's sake, Lord, sustain and spare,
And for our ceaseless need provide.

Pardon and bless! in all our ways
Grant us the sense of sin forgiven,
Filling our souls with thankful praise,
And happy hope of rest in heaven!

CXCVII.

"*Sing praises to God, sing praises, sing praises to our King, sing praises.*' Ps. xlvii. 6.

SING praises to our God, sing praises!
With understanding sing;
A thankful heart with gladness raises
Its vocal offering.

Sing praises to our King for ever,
For many a blessing given,
For Christ's sweet mercy, failing never,
And blessed hope of heaven.

Sing, while with amplitude of blessing,
He for our want provides,
And, thankfully, our need confessing,
Go gladly, where he guides.

Sing praises to our God, sing praises,
With joyful heart and voice;
All heaven a song of gladness raises,
And we too will rejoice!

CXCVIII.

"*This God is our God for ever and ever, he will be our guide even unto death.*"—Ps. xlviii. 14.

THOUGH the way be dark and dreary,
Though obstructions vex and grieve,
And our hearts are often weary,
Foes assailing, to deceive;
Yet God is our own God, for ever and for ever,
Our Guide even until death, his mercy failing never!

Many a trouble, many a sorrow,
Cast their shadows on our way,
While our thoughts life's aspect borrow
From the gloom that veils the day;
Yet, God is our own God, for ever and for ever,
Our Guide even until death, his mercy failing never!

Often, often, sins distress us,
Howsoe'er we guard the soul,
And regrets and fears oppress us
With their tumult toss and roll;
Yet, God is our own God, for ever and for ever,
Our Guide even unto death, his mercy failing never!

CXCIX.

"*Hear, O my people and I will speak.—I am God, even thy God.—Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.*—Ps. l. 7, 15.

With thy still small voice of love,
Blessed Saviour, speak to me;
Let me all the sweetness prove,
Of its pleasant melody.

Tell me that I need not fear,
Must not doubt or feel dismay,
While thy present help is near,
Thy safe guidance for the way.

Tell me I am truly thine,
That my name is on thy breast,
All thou art, and hast is mine,
Mine, thine own eternal rest.

Tell me that the happy home
Thou hast promised to prepare,
Is for me, and thou wilt come,
By and by to take me there.

CC.

"*Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.*"—Ps. li. 10.

LORD, I have often sought within
My own poor heart for rest;
And finding there the plague of sin,
My foolishness confest.

But when I look alone to thee,
With undistracted mind;
The rest that is in Christ I see,
And consolation find.

Oh keep me ever firm and true
To thy good counsel, Lord;
Earnest thy holy will to do,
Rejoicing in thy word.

Teach me, and bless me with the grace,
Of thine exalting love;
Till in the soul's glad resting-place
I find a home above!

CCI.

"*O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest.*"—Ps. lv. 6.

O THAT I might, the wings of faith possessing,
Uprise, as soars the dove to her sweet nest,
To thee, my God, and by thy loving blessing,
Find, what I long to find, my home and rest.

For often, Lord, my heart is very weary,
And life presents an aspect, harsh and cold;
And sin and sorrow make the pathway dreary,
And worldly things my thoughts in bondage hold.

O to be free from all but pure emotion!
Away! away! from all that hides from thee;
To breathe an atmosphere of true devotion,
Thy glory and thy love to feel and see!

Sweet hope and comfort! high and holy blessing!
Of all thy mercies, Christ our Lord, the best!
O grant, the wings of faith and love possessing,
That I to thee may rise, and be at rest!

CCII.

"*I will wait upon thee, for God is my defence.*"—Ps. lviii. 9.

Gracious God, we look to thee,
Our defence and helper be;
Life is very full of care,
Sorrows meet us everywhere;
Gracious God, we wait on thee,
Our defence and solace be!

Often on our homeward way,
From the narrow path we stray,
And the fierce assaults of sin,
Are without us, and within;
Gracious God, we cry to thee,
Our defence and refuge be.

O the weariness and woe
Life exhibits as we go;
Helpless, we on thee rely,
Lonely, to thy bosom fly;
Gracious Lord, we come to thee,
Our defence and Saviour be!

CCIII.

"*In the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.*"—Ps. lxiii. 7.

UNDER thine Almighty wing,
Jesus, Lord, my soul would lie,
Solaced by its sheltering,
Watched by thine unsleeping eye;
There the grateful praises sing,
Of a thankful memory.

Help and keep me, gracious Lord,
By thy kind and tender care;
Comfort and thine aid afford,
Patiently all griefs to bear;
Let the counsels of thy Word,
Guide my footsteps everywhere.

All the blessedness and peace,
Of a heart that rests on thee,
Faith's repose, and love's increase,
By thy Spirit give to me,
Till the hour of glad release,
Sets my soul at liberty!

CCIV.

"*O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.*"—Ps. lxv. 2.

WHO that has felt the heart's deep need,
The woe of sin, the pain of grief,
But loves in prayer with Christ to plead,
For his upholding and relief.

O precious Christ our Lord! thy soul
Knew and remembers all life's fears;
That waves of sorrow o'er it roll,
And hearts record their thoughts in tears.

How full of comfort to draw nigh
The mercy-seat, thy special throne;
And certain of thy sympathy,
Our burthen and our weakness own.

Who like thee, Lord, can soothe and cheer,
Who like our Saviour help and heal!
Lord, while we now to thee draw near,
Thy presence and thy love reveal!

CCV.

"*Blessed is the man whom thou choosest and causest to approach unto thee.*"—Ps. lxv. 4.

Close to thy side, O very close to thee,
Our blessed Saviour! we hold on our way,
With oft regrettings, often wearily;
Grant us the mercy of thy help we pray.

Close to thy side, Lord, keep us always there!
We would not wander, but our faith is weak,
And when the world's beguilings hinder prayer,
Too prone we are some other friend to seek.

Close to thy side, dear Saviour, we would cleave
With earnest heed to every loving word;
Each precious promise thankfully believe,
Contented and rejoicing, blessed Lord!

Close to thy side, what joy to be so near
The kindest friend, the wisest and the best!
True refuge from life's care, and all its fear;
Our guide through time to heaven's eternal rest!

CCVI.

"*Let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice before God: yea let them exceedingly rejoice.*"—Ps. lxviii. 3.

WITH gladsome heart and voice, Hallelujah!
In God our Lord rejoice;
What joyful songs of praise,
Our thankful hearts should raise, Hallelujah!
For his great love always;

What boundless mercies given Hallelujah!
And precious hopes of heaven;
In the Lord Christ his Son
What glorious wonders done; Hallelujah!
Eternal triumphs won;

Our Lord and King adore, Hallelujah!
Now and for evermore;
Let ceaseless thanks ascend
To our true guide and friend, Hallelujah!
[illegible] without end;

CCVII.

"*Be thou my strong habitation whereunto I may continually resort.*"—Ps. lxxi. 3.

CONTINUALLY, continually, our Lord and God most high,
For succour and encouragement to thee, to thee, we cry;
Continually, for hope and peace, to thee, O Lord, we come,
Our habitation strong and safe, our soul's delightsome home.

Continually, continually, our life is filled with fear,
And cares and sorrows on the path come thronging fast and near;
Continually, our helplessness craves shelter and supply,
A refuge and a hiding place, with walls and bulwarks high.

Continually, continually, our poor hearts feel their need,
And learn with joy to comprehend that Christ is strong indeed;
Continually inviting us to come to him for rest;
His power almighty to protect, his love, of all, the best.

Continually, continually, whate'er our weakness be,
We know he can and will uphold, and bless right royally;
Continually, his boundless grace will comfort and sustain,
Until with Him for evermore, our souls shall live and reign.

CCVIII.

"*O God, be not far from me; O my God, make haste for my help.*"—Ps. lxxi. 12.

O GUIDE us by thy loving hand,
Great God, through all our way;
That while we tread this pilgrim land,
We may not go astray.

We are so weak, so frail and weak,
So little do we know,
That though it is our home we seek,
We tremble as we go.

We weary with our ceaseless care,
And failures numberless;
While sorrows meet us everywhere,
And snares and sins distress.

Pardon and help! our feeble hand
In thine, so mighty, take;
And guide us to the better land,
For the Lord Jesus' sake!

CCIX.

"*Thou hast holden me by my right hand.*"—Ps. lxxiii. 23.

Take thou my hand, Lord, help me, guide me,
Hold my right hand, O Lord, in thine;
With thine almighty strength provide me,
And comfort me with peace divine.

Thy hand is strong, Lord, strong with kindness,
While I am weak, as man may be;
And all my knowledge is but blindness,
To the bright light that shines in thee.

Lord, if thou wilt in love befriend me,
And let me feel thy presence near;
Whate'er the sorrows that attend me,
I shall not fail, and will not fear.

Take then my hand, Lord, teaching, blessing,
Thy loving mercy to me show;
And I, thy help and strength possessing,
Will gladly, where thou guidest, go.

CCX.

"*Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel.*"—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

How often, Lord, the waywardness,
 Of our own will has led astray;
And with deep sorrow we confess,
 Our little heed to thy good way.

We fain would have thy guidance, Lord,
 Thy counsel to direct us right;
O teach us, by thy holy word,
 To walk with caution in thy sight.

For thou art holy, and thy will,
 Is pure, and true, and very wise;
And best our duties we fulfil,
 When most the heart on thee relies.

O thou shalt lead us by the hand,
 Thy counsel our command shall be;
And always through this desert land,
 Our willing feet shall follow thee.

CCXI.

"*There is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.*"—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

OUR heart's desire, and earnest prayer,
Is thine, O Lord, to be;
Waiting upon thee everywhere,
Patiently, patiently.

In care and grief our souls would rest
Without one fear, on thee,
Sure that thy way is always best;
Hopefully, hopefully.

Thy hand, which every want supplies,
In all things let us see;
While faith on thy true love relies,
Thankfully, thankfully.

May thy good will, and all our ways,
In blest accord agree;
Until in heaven we sing thy praise,
Joyfully, joyfully.

CCXII.

"*I am continually with thee, thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel and afterwards receive me to glory.*"—Ps. lxxiii. 23, 24.

God be with us, God direct us,
Ever helping, always guiding;
God uphold us, and protect us,
For our craving still providing.
God restrain us, when we borrow
Thoughts of sadness, doubts, and grieving,
From the blinding of our sorrow,
Wearying so, and so deceiving.

Christ our Saviour! grant thy blessing;
God the Spirit, gracious, glorious,
Listen to us, sin confessing;
Help our striving, till victorious.
God be with us, ever, ever!
Comforting with hopes of gladness,
Till at rest, we never, never,
Have one thought again of sadness!

CCXIII.

"*God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.*"—Ps. lxxiii. 26.

Our God and Lord of glory,
Strength and salvation is,
Glad theme of old world story,
Our soul's delight and bliss.
His bounties are about us,
Through every passing day,
And in us, and without us,
He rules, our God, alway!

While his strong love is o'er us,
No foe can us o'ercome;
While he leads on before us,
We cannot fail of home.
To God our Lord give praises,
Be glad and ever sing;
The song that heaven raises,
With glad heart echoing!

CCXIV.

"*It is good for me to draw near to God.*"—Ps. lxxiii. 28.

Behold us, Lord, the poor and weak,
With all our need, to thee we come,
The blessing of thy help to seek,
Thy guidance on our pathway home.

To thee our various wants are known,
Life's burthen, with its toil and grief;
O shine the rugged way upon,
And cheer our souls with love's relief.

We pray to thee, receive our prayer;
We thank thee, Lord, accept our praise;
Bestow the solace of thy care,
And keep our footsteps in thy ways.

Uplift our thoughts above the things,
Which tend to darken and depress;
And fill us with the comfortings
Which elevate and calm and bless.

CCXV.

"*Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation.*"—Ps. lxxxv. 7.

THOU God and Father of us all,
Almighty to uphold and save;
Before thy mercy-seat we fall,
The blessing of thy love to crave.

The world is dark, and life is brief,
Our hearts have many pains and cares;
And change and sorrow, toil and grief,
Perplex, and trouble our affairs.

Lord, we would fain that thou shouldst guide,
Control, and regulate our way;
For our recurring wants provide,
And teach to trust thee, and obey.

For the Lord Jesus' sake, forgive
Our every sin, and grant us grace,
That we may praise thee while we live,
And heaven be our sweet resting-place.

CCXVI.

"I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart, and I will glorify thy name for evermore. For great is thy mercy towards me."—Ps. lxxxvi. 12, 13.

O PRAISE the Lord! He loves the praise,
Of hearts, that true and loyal are,
That keep with care his righteous ways,
And to his holy courts repair.

O praise the Lord! with heart and voice,
For He to us is kind and good;
And it is pleasant to rejoice,
With fulness of glad gratitude.

O praise the Lord! whose precious grace,
In Christ our Saviour, perfect is;
Whose love in everything we trace,
Whose promise is eternal bliss.

O praise the Lord! He guards and guides
All life, when dedicate to him;
And happy homes in heaven provides,
Where faith and sight are never dim!

CCXVII.

"The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine, as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them."—Ps. lxxxix. 11.

THE earth, with all its fulness, Lord, is thine,
Its beauty and its grandeur, thine alone;
Night's dark delight, day's bright and smiling shine,
Thy will obey, thy wise controlling own.

What but a hand omnipotently strong,
Could guide the stars, and build the arched sky,
Direct the tempest as it roars along,
And hush the wild sea to its lullaby!

How great thou art, how good, in all thy ways,
Fulfilling every promise of thy word;
Thy loving mercy claiming all our praise,
Thy blessings never ceasing, gracious Lord!

Our hearts, rejoicing, thank thee for thy care,
Our hope rests calmly on thy boundless love;
Accept our praises, and our souls prepare
For higher joy, and holier life above!

CCXVIII.

"*Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.*"—Ps. xc. 1.

In every change, through countless years,
By thy continuing power and grace,
Lord, thou hast calmed thy people's fears,
And been their happy dwelling-place.

How blessed for the heart to dwell,
Where the world's tumult cannot come;
Where thy kind smiles all cares dispel,
And peace retains a constant home.

Great God, our hearts would dwell with thee,
With thee repose each grief and care;
We would thy thankful children be,
And patiently life's burthens bear.

O precious solace for the soul,
To live where Christ the Lord abides;
To love his counsel and control,
And follow gladly where He guides.

CCXIX.

THE NINETY-FIRST PSALM.

"*He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty,*" etc.

He that, His secret place within, dwelleth with the Lord most High,
Shall abide beneath his shadow in a blest security;
God his refuge, God his fortress, all his trust upon Him stayed,
Nor of fowler's snare insidious, or of pestilence afraid.

God shall cover him with gladness, shelter him beneath his wings,
Truth shall be his shield and buckler, God supply faith's comfortings;
Never terror of the night-time, never sorrow of the day,
Never heart-break or destruction, take his peace profound away.

On the right hand, on the left hand, thousands may be stricken down,
Lo, he standeth and perceiveth; yet he passeth safely on;
God protects him, God will shelter in his habitation strong;
Angels watch, uphold, and lead him, shielding him from harm or wrong.

He shall trample on all danger in the strength which God will grant,
God will hear him when he calleth, help in trouble, keep from want;
God will honour and deliver, give long life and happiness,
Sanctifying, satisfy him, and with his salvation bless!

CCXX.

"*He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.*"—Ps. xci. 1.

To dwell within the secret place,
O Lord most High, with thee,
Partaking there thy cheering grace,
Is life's sweet sanctity.

For there abiding in the shade
Of thine Almightiness;
All time and changes shall be made
Thy method, Lord, to bless.

Grant us thy teaching good and true,
Thy help and mercy sure;
That Christ constraining, we may do
Thy will with motive pure.

And keep us safe, and guide us well,
Through life's uncertainty,
Till our glad voices join to swell,
Heaven's thankful song to thee.

CCXXI.

ill say of the Lord, he is my refuge, and my fortress, my God, in Him will I
Ps. xci. 2.

With grateful hearts, O Lord, we say,
Our Refuge is in thee;
And this, whate'er obstruct the way,
Our confidence shall be.

How strong the fortress of thy love!
So safe our souls within,
That vain the troubling snares shall prove,
Of worldliness and sin.

Our God, in thee alone we trust,
Through Christ our Lord, we come,
Rejoicing that we may, we must,
Find in thy heart our home.

O glorious refuge! fortress strong!
O trust secure in thee!
Great God, our everlasting song,
All thankfulness shall be!

CCXXII.

"*Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.*"—Ps. xci. 3.

SURELY, Lord, from the fowler's snare,
And noisome pestilence,
We children of thy tender care,
Expect deliverance.

For who but thou, Lord, can bestow
The help we always need?
And thou who dost our dangers know,
Canst safely through them lead.

Thou blessed Lord, who meekly bore
Temptation's grievous pain;
Uphold, or when we fail, restore,
And strengthen to refrain.

Our hope is strong, our faith is clear,
In thy delivering love;
We pray for thy protection here,
And perfect peace above.

CCXXIII.

"*His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.*"—Ps. xci. 4.

How glorious and how perfect, Lord,
Thy truth! how good and wise!
How pure thine everlasting word,
Its loving promises!

Through all life's war, a covering shield,
A buckler for the fight,
Well proved in many a battle field,
Of temper exquisite.

Forth to the conflict, Lord, we go,
Strong in thine helpful grace;
Only do thou our duty show,
And our appointed place.

Thou blessed Saviour! we will be
Thy faithful ones and true;
Loving, through all life's mystery,
With fervour ever new.

CCXXIV.

"*He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.*"—Ps. xci. 4.

COVER me with thy tenderness,
Thy gentleness of care;
Each step, O Lord, direct and bless,
And comfort, everywhere.

Protect, and keep from life's alarm,
Beneath thy sheltering love;
And by thine all-sustaining arm,
Thy loving-kindness prove.

Thou blessed Saviour, I would rest
In hope and faith on thee;
I lean for succour on thy breast,
Teach thou, and solace me!

My trust has deep and sweet repose,
On thine upholding might,
And waits, and prays thee to disclose,
Thy mercy infinite.

CCXXV.

"*Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.*"—Ps. xci. 5, 6.

LORD, how can they whom thou dost love,
Be moved by doubt or fear;
How, while their faith abides above,
Be ever troubled here?

Since all the things that scare the night,
Or pains that vex the day,
Pass, always, in thy holy sight,
And thy behests obey.

And though through darkness there should walk,
The pestilence so stern,
And fierce destruction grimly stalk;
Thy way in each we learn.

And never fear, and never dread,
Can move the trustful heart,
Which by thy strength is nourished,
And in thy love has part.

CCXXVI.

"*A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee: only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.*"—Ps. xci. 7, 8.

If at our side a thousand fall,
 Ten thousand on the right;
Lord, we remember it is all,
 In wisdom infinite!

And if, for judgment, thou dost show
 Thy hatred, thus, of sin;
How glad our thankful hearts to know,
 We have no part therein.

Our eyes behold how great thou art,
 We know thy goodness too;
For Christ's sake, Lord, thy grace impart,
 Thy will, with zeal to do.

And keep us in thy loving fear,
 Till all life's conflicts cease,
And heaven's sweet home shall bless and cheer
 With everlasting peace.

CCXXVII.

"Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."—Ps. xci. 9, 10.

LORD, we have made, and we will make
Our habitation, thee;
For the Lord Jesus' blessed sake,
Our help and comfort be.

And while our refuge, Lord, thou art,
We live all fear above;
All evil thou wilt bid depart,
And hurtful plague remove.

Oh blessedness and joy to live,
Within thy presence, Lord;
Blest with the peace thy love will give,
And guided by thy word.

And safe indeed, and full of joy,
To have our home with thee;
Thy praise, our gladness and employ,
Here and eternally!

CCXXVIII.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."—Ps. xci. 11, 12.

How kind, O Lord, thy mercies are,
 How loving all thy ways;
How tenderly thy constant care
 Surrounds our nights and days.

And everywhere at thy command,
 The angels near us keep;
Uphold, when danger is at hand,
 And watch us when we sleep.

With never ceasing, careful heed,
 On all our ways they wait;
To guide our feet through all life's need,
 Its small events or great.

And over them, as over us,
 Abides thine own true love;
O joyfulness! that guarded thus,
 Our home is sure above.

CCXXIX.

"*Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder, the young lion and dragon shalt thou trample under feet.*"—Ps. xci. 13.

GREAT GOD, through all the cares of life,
Its snares and dangers too;
The sorrows, doubts, and often strife,
Thou dost our strength renew.

Each raging foe or noxious thing,
All that would hurt or pain;
Thou dost by thy kind succouring,
Remove, Lord, or restrain.

O mighty strength! which thou dost give,
All hindrance to o'ercome;
O happiness! a life to live,
In patient hope of home.

Our gracious God there is no fear,
If thou our help wilt be;
And every step but brings more near,
That home and rest with thee.

CCXXX.

; he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on : he hath known my name."—Ps. xci. 14.

Our hearts are set, O God, on thee,
Thy love constraining thus;
Our succour and deliverer be,
Abiding, Lord, with us.

Raise our life's impulses on high,
Above debasing things;
And fill us with the sanctity,
That from thy presence springs.

Lord, we adore thy gracious name,
Thy wisdom, and thy love;
Thy goodness, everywhere the same,
On earth, and heaven above.

For the Lord Jesus' sake, we pray
For help, and hope, and peace;
That we may find from day to day,
Our blessedness increase.

CCXXXI.

"*He shall call upon me, and I will answer him.*"—Ps. xci. 15.

LORD, on thy promise we rely,
With faith that has no fear;
Blest with the calm serenity,
That ever feels thee near.

How often in our heart distress,
When life was sorely pained,
Our call of utter helplessness,
Thy quick regard has gained

And often, answer kind and sweet,
Has soothed and cheered our need;
And anxious heart, or weary feet,
Been comforted indeed.

And so it is, and it will be,
For thou art still the same;
Through Christ, our soul's security.
Hosannah to thy Name!

CCXXXII.

"*I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.*"—Ps. xci. 15.

WHATEVER trouble may assail,
We will not tremble, Lord,
Nor shall our strong reliance fail,
On thy most holy word.

Why should we fear? or why our hearts
To life's rough whirlwind bow?
For who such confidence imparts,
So sweet a calm as thou!

And thou hast promised present aid,
Deliverance sure, and strong;
And Christ, our Lord and God, is made,
Our solace and our song.

And honour due for his dear sake,
To all thy saints is given;
Sufficing grace! till they partake,
The liberty of heaven!

CCXXXIII.

"*With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.*"—Ps. xci. 16.

How satisfied, O Lord, the heart,
And calm, must ever be,
That chooseth, as its blessed part,
To love what pleaseth thee.

For life appointed by thy will,
Is of all life the best;
To serve thee, and thy law fulfil,
The soul's true joy and rest!

And we can wait, how gladly, Lord!
Thy blessedness to see;
Salvation, promised in thy word,
Through Christ, eternally!

Oh good and holy! calm and pure!
That heart must ever be,
Which, of thy loving help secure,
Rests satisfied in thee!

CCXXXIV.

"*It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, to sing praises unto thy name, O most high.*"—Ps. xcii. 1.

VERY precious, Lord, to me,
Are thy words of gentleness;
Tenderly, so tenderly,
Telling thy good will to bless.

Very pleasant is the time,
When thou speakest to my soul,
Lessons loving and sublime,
Moulding me to thy control.

Full of joy are quiet hours
In thy blessed presence spent,
Nourishing life's holiest powers,
Cheering progress with content.

Lord, I would that thy sweet voice
Should to me like music come,
And my heart in thee rejoice,
Singing as it journeys home!

CCXXXV.

"*Ye that love the Lord, hate evil.*"—Ps. xcvii. 10.

How often, Lord, upon the way
 By which our feet are led;
Our hearts are filled with sad dismay,
 And fears unnumbered.

The wickedness that stalks about,
 The pride and glare of sin;
The many things impure without,
 Alas, O Lord! within.

We pray for faith and grace to rise,
 Debasing things above;
For life which all its peace supplies,
 From thy so precious love.

From heaven, our home, where all is pure,
 Our promised bright abode;
Through Christ the Lord prepared and sure;
 Thine own pure life, my God!

CCXXXVI.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH PSALM.

"*Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands,*" etc.

MAKE a joyful noise to God, praise with loud and glad acclaim,
All ye lands throughout the world, magnify his holy name!
With rejoicing serve the Lord, come before him with a song,
For unto Him, God most Mighty! honour, glory, power belong!

Know ye that the Lord is God, he it is that all things made,
We ourselves can nothing do without his Almighty aid;
Yet we his own people are; of his pasture we the sheep,
Whom he leadeth tenderly, and will ever safely keep.

Seek his gates with thankfulness, enter to his courts with praise;
His, life's every bestowal; His, the guidance of our ways;
Be ye thankful then before him, render him the homage due,
Bless his name in song of service, all thy pilgrim journey through.

For indeed the Lord is good, very good as He is great,
And his mercy everlasting as the glory of his state;
And from generations gone unto generations sure,
Shall his truth, as He himself, evermore and aye endure!

CCXXXVII.

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live, I will sing praises to my God while I ve any being."—Ps. civ. 33.

SING to the Lord, in the joy of thy gladness,
Sing with the voice of thanksgiving and praise;
It is He, only He, who comforts in sadness,
And everywhere present, directs all our ways.

Sing to the Lord, when the day is about thee,
Sing in the silence and darkness of night;
Ever within thee, as ever without thee,
Shineth his mercy with radiant light.

Sing evermore, though life's journey be dreary,
Thy Saviour hath trodden it long time ago,
And his is a love never failing or weary,
And his the true wisdom thy pathway to show.

Sing to the Lord, with a full heart of gladness,
Sing, and press forward with cheer on thy way;
Soon we shall pass from all shadows and sadness,
Blessed for ever! to infinite day!

CCXXXVIII.

"*His mercy endureth for ever.*"—Ps. cvi. 1.

For evermore and ever, Lord,
 Thy mercy and thy love endure;
And every promise of thy Word,
 Is, in its boundless comfort sure.

How often our weak hearts forget,
 And disregard, or turn aside;
Unmindful that thy love is set,
 To help and solace, and provide.

Yet ever, ever, still the same,
 That love abides, supremely true!
And never grief or trouble came,
 Without thy mercy coming too!

O joy of faith! O rest of heart!
 Our strength and hope is all in thee;
'Tis thine to bless, and our sweet part
 To wait upon thee patiently!

CCXXXIX.

" *O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever. Let* ? *redeemed of the Lord say so.*"—Ps. cvii. 1, 2.

EVERYWHERE, in everything,
Blessed Lord, thy love is seen;
Wheresoever angel's wing,
Or the foot of man hath been.
In the sunshine or the shade,
Every morning, every night,
All that thou hast ever made,
Praiseth thee with sweet delight.

More than all; O joy and bliss!
Joy of earth and heaven above!
Shines thy mercy, Lord, in this,
Christ's redeeming power of love.
Exquisitely holy peace,
Beautiful and perfect rest;
Heart repose, that cannot cease,
All in Him made manifest!

CCXL.

"*Help me, O Lord my God, O save me according to thy mercy.*"—Ps. cix. 26.

LORD of boundless love and might,
God of mercy infinite,
For thy gracious help we plead,
In our earnestness of need;
Instant, constant aid we crave;
Pity us, O Lord, and save!

From the burthen of our sin,
From the fears our hearts within,
In our poverty and grief,
Grant us, Lord, thy free relief;
Mercy, mercy, Lord, we crave;
For the sake of Jesus, save!

Teach and help us, Lord, to rest
Leaning on the Saviour's breast,
Grant the peace and joy that spring,
From his perfect comforting;
Present succour, Lord, we crave
Oh be merciful, and save!

CXLI.

"*I was brought low, and he helped me.*"—Ps. cxvi. 6.

HELP us, O God! life's storm is high,
And we are tossed on many a wave,
And hope looks round despondently,
Our need is great, Lord Jesus, save!

How oftentimes, brought very low,
Our hearts have failed with passing fear,
Until the lifting clouds would show,
Thine ever present mercy near.

Let it be always so, O Lord,
Our weakest time, thy time of power;
When we are faint, thy strength afford,
And smile through every clouded hour.

O magnify in us thy grace,
For Christ's sake bless us with thy love,
And give our faith a resting-place,
Unchangeably secure, above!

CCXLII.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people."—Ps. cxvi. 12—14.

WHAT shall I render unto thee,
My blessed Lord and King!
For all thy benefits to me,
And loving comforting.

Salvation's cup, Lord, I will take,
And call upon thy name;
O hear me, for the Saviour's sake,
All helpless as I am!

Lo, in the sight, and presence too,
Of thine own people, Lord,
My vows I thankfully renew,
And rest upon thy word.

Accept my thanks, my coming bless
My way direct and guide,
And for my endless happiness,
In Christ the Lord provide.

CCXLIII.

"*O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, because his mercy endureth for ever.*"—Ps. cxviii. 1.

Now in a song of grateful joy,
 Let God, our Lord and God, be praised;
For meet it is, and glad employ,
 That thought and thanks to him be raised.

For he is good, how good and great!
 And kind to all, and full of love;
Regardful of our low estate,
 With watchful kindness from above.

O praise the Lord, his mercy keeps
 And guides us, with a gentle care;
His will to help us never sleeps,
 His loving heed is everywhere.

Glory and honour, power and praise,
 Be to the Lord our God most high;
Let all who love him, join to raise
 Their thankful songs rejoicingly!

CCXLIV.

"*Thou art my God and I will praise thee, thou art my God, I will exalt thee.*"—Ps. cxviii. 28.

WHAT Almighty loving-kindness
Flows through Christ so freely to us,
Light to shine away our blindness,
Grace to heal us and renew us.

God be thanked! God be praised!
For his helpful mercy given,
For that, by his hand upraised,
We may hope for rest in heaven.

Rest in prospect, real and glorious,
Present comfort, too, possessing;
And assurance that, victorious,
Life shall be eternal blessing.

Hallelujah! God is for us!
Who can hinder, what can sever,
While his Spirit, watching o'er us,
Guides where Home is peace for ever!

CCXLV.

"*O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.*"—Ps. cxviii. 29.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord,
For that he is good and kind;
Praise him for his holy word,
For a loving trustful mind.

Thank him for his mercies sure,
Through the blessed Saviour given
Which for ever shall endure,
Earth's sweet peace, and joy of heaven!

Thank and praise him for the grace,
Freely for our help bestowed;
Light in every darksome place,
Comfort on life's weary road.

O give thanks unto the Lord,
For his countless mercies shown;
For the teachings of his word;
Thanks and praise through Christ his Son!

CCXLVI.

"*My soul cleaveth unto the dust, quicken thou me, according to thy word.*"—Ps. cxix. 25.

Unto the dust my soul doth cleave,
While hope and faith are faint and weak;
Thy power to help, Lord, I believe,
Thy strength to lift me up, I seek.

Open mine eyes, thou gracious Lord,
Let me perceive thee always near;
And teach me by thy holy word,
The joyfulness of godly fear.

My soul to walk with thee desires,
My heart and flesh for succour cry;
To holy life my thought aspires,
Lord, grant thy loving sympathy.

O raise me, raise me, from the dust,
To energy of life divine;
Till with a firm and loving trust,
My soul is wholly, truly thine!

CCXLVII.

" *Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end. Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law.*"—Ps. cxix. 33, 34.

RESTRAIN, O Lord, our wayward hearts,
From thoughts of folly and of sin;
And grant the peace thy love imparts,
To dwell our thankful souls within.

How often have we known the snare,
Of hurtful things about us spread;
And felt how blessed to repair,
Where thou hast calmed and comforted.

And still we walk where doubt and fear,
Disturbing, break, and spoil our peace;
Be with thy loving succour near,
And bid our anxious heart-ache cease.

Help us, O Lord, to understand,
How right and safe thy guidance is;
And Christ with us, all sin withstand,
Secure through Him of endless bliss.

CCXLVIII.

"*The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy.*"—Ps. cxix. 60.

THE springing life of countless glorious things,
The green enamel, rainbow tinted flowers,
Night's quiet calm, delight that morning brings;
By thine abounding mercy, Lord, are ours.

The earth is full of mercy! thy kind care
Directing and defending all our way;
Thy wisdom to uphold, sustain, and spare,
With hindrance and restraint, when we would stray.

What depth of mercy, in the precious grace
And sanctifying strength of Christ our Lord;
How wonderful the yearning love we trace,
In every page and promise of thy word!

Full of thy mercy, is our passing time,
Full of all mercy, every comfort given;
And soon, with extasy of joy sublime,
Our souls through mercy, shall be safe in Heaven!

CCXLIX.

"*Let, I pray thee, thy merciful kindness be for my comfort.*"—Ps. cxix. 76.

When waves of trouble round about me roll,
And doubts perplex, or disappointments try;
If sorrow casts its shadow on my soul,
Life pained and burthened with much mystery; Comfort me! O God.

When sin offends me with intrusion foul,
Or fierce temptation shocks my trembling heart;
When tumult thoughts with raving shriek and howl,
Distress my conscience with their stinging smart; Comfort me! O God.

If those I love the best are called away,
My pathway rendered desolate and drear;
While clouds of gathered griefs obscure the day,
And faith and hope are frightened into fear; Comfort me! O God.

And when there hovers round, the gloom of death,
And heart and flesh are failing, faint and weak;
Though crowding fancies haunt my passing breath,
While Christ's strong help alone, alone, I seek; Comfort me! O God.

CCL.

"*Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.*"—Ps. cxix. 117.

UPHOLD us, Lord, by thy strong hand,
Sustain us by thy loving care;
That passing through a weary land,
We may be safe, and holy there.

How blessed they whom thou dost bless,
How safe the heart when thou dost keep!
How calm and pure its happiness,
Its faith and hope how firm and deep!

We need thy help each day and hour,
To hold us up, so weak we are;
Safe only, while thy mighty power,
Incites our souls to watchful prayer.

For the Lord Jesus' sake uphold,
And cheer and gladden all the way;
Till to our weary feet unfold,
The golden gates of heavenly day!

CCLI.

"*Thy testimonies are wonderful.*"—Ps. cxix. 129.

WONDROUS mercy! boundless treasure!
Is God's book of life and love;
Charged with promises of pleasure,
In the happy home above.

Words of wisdom, words of blessing,
For both young and old to read
Words of comfort, which possessing
Hope is pure and bright indeed.

Pilgrims, God's own truth discerning,
Here are shown how best to live;
By the Spirit's teaching, learning,
Christ their precious time to give.

Blessed Jesus, keep us near thee,
Speaking gentle words of peace,
While we, loving, always fear thee;
Till in heaven our troubles cease.

CCLII.

"*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.*"—Ps. cxxi. 1.

Up to the hills, the heavenly hills,
I lift, in faith and hope, mine eyes;
Thence God his promises fulfils,
And helps me, and my want supplies.

The blessed God! whose glorious might,
Made heaven and earth so fair and good;
Who guides my weary feet aright,
And watcheth life in every mood.

He slumbers not, but wisely keeps
Unceasing heed, by night and day;
Has solace for the heart that weeps,
And wisdom to direct my way.

In going out, he guards my soul,
Preserves my coming in from fear;
Holds all events in his control,
And loves my prayer and praise to hear.

CCLIII.

"*My help cometh from the Lord.*"—Ps. cxxi. 2.

GRACIOUS GOD, our hearts are weary,
Burthened with the care of sin,
And our pathway often dreary,
Foes without us, and within.

Come and help us, come and guide us,
Blessed Saviour, teach and keep;
In thy sheltering mercy hide us,
From temptations dark and deep.

O remember all our weakness,
Pity and relieve our care;
So in patient love and meekness,
We will all thy chastening bear.

Bless us now, and bless us ever,
With the comfort of thy grace,
Till in joy that ceaseth never,
We shall see thee, face to face.

CCLIV.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST PSALM.

"*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help*," etc.

Up unto to thee, I lift mine eyes,
My hope abiding, Lord, in thee;
Thou who didst make the earth and skies,
My helper and my keeper be!

My feet, through faith, on thee are stayed
Thou ever sleepless, watchful one;
Lead me to thy refreshing shade,
When shines with scorching heat the sun.

By day preserve me from distress,
By night from every care and fear;
My soul with thy protection bless,
And keep me to thee always near.

In going out and coming in,
Thou great preserver, think of me;
Until, through Christ redeemed from sin,
Thy perfect glory I shall see!

CCLV.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND PSALM.

"*I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord,*" etc.

LORD, I was glad, how glad! to hear
Sweet voices of thanksgiving say,
Lo, God's own holy day is near,
Let us into his house to pray.

With ready feet I fain would stand
Within my soul's Jerusalem;
With joy obey thy kind command,
Where praise thy saints, to praise with them.

Prosper thy Church, thou blessed Lord,
Grant it thy blessing and thy peace,
Unfolding there thy precious word,
And bidding fear and sorrow cease.

Lord, I would fain enjoy the rest
Of those who love and honour thee,
That I may be for ever blest,
Where life all perfectness shall be!

CCLVI.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

"*Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens,*" etc.

O THOU that dwellest up on high,
 Eternal and Almighty Lord!
We lift our eyes, and to thee cry,
 Bless us, according to thy word.

Behold, as servants watch and wait
 Their Master's bidding to obey;
So we, whose burthen is so great,
 Would serve thee gladly night and day.

Have mercy! let thy mercy come!
 How great our need, Lord, thou dost know;
And we shall never reach our home
 Unless the way thy mercy show.

Help us, and then we will not heed
 Men's scornful looks or words of pride;
For thou, O Lord, in all our need,
 Wilt keep us safely near thy side.

CCLVII.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM.

"*If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say,*" etc.

How many a sorrow would betide
And overwhelm us with dismay,
But that the Lord is on our side,
Our guide through life's so troubled way.

Blest be the Lord, whose helpful might,
Sufficeth for our utmost need;
Whose love and kindness infinite,
Our deepest depth of care exceed.

Our help, O Lord, is all in thee,
Thou art our shelter, strong and true,
When from entangling snares we flee,
Life's many dangers breaking through.

O ever be thou on our side,
Maker of heaven and earth, our Lord!
And we, whatever may betide,
Will rest on thy most faithful word.

CCLVIII.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH PSALM.

"*They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever,*" etc.

SURELY, all they that trust the Lord,
Shall as Mount Zion ever stand;
For He is faithful to his word,
Girding them round on every hand.

As his Jerusalem about
Surrounding mountains firm abide;
So, guarding from their foes without,
He, for his own, will strength provide.

And ever and for evermore,
His people he will bless with peace;
When faint, their faith and hope restore,
And help, till cares and sorrows cease.

Do good, O Lord, as wont thou art,
To those that good and upright be;
Thy guiding love to them impart,
Until they reach their home, and Thee.

CCLIX.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH PSALM.

"*When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,*" etc.

WHEN thou didst turn our feet again
From sin's so sad captivity;
Our souls, relieved from thrall of pain,
Rejoiced with gladness, Lord, in thee.

Great things for us thy love hath done,
And all our long-time care and grief,
But make more real the victory won,
More full of joy our soul relief.

The tears we shed, like precious seed
Have sprung to life and fruitfulness;
And with rejoicing hearts indeed,
Thy matchless mercy we confess.

And so we sing our gladsome song,
And thus our hallelujahs raise;
With yet the blessed hope, ere long
To join in heaven's more perfect praise!

CCLX.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

"*Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it,*" etc.

EXCEPT, O Lord, thine own strong hand
Build up our home, our labours fail;
Except thou keepest, we withstand
In vain, when angry foes assail.

In vain we toil and wait and strive
Early and late, to gather store,
Unless the blessing thou dost give,
And watch our feeble efforts o'er.

And if to home, and earthly good,
Is added childhood's pleasant cheer;
How surely, in life's every mood,
Our thankful hearts must know thee near.

That thou art near, in woe or weal,
In all life's comfort and distress,
In mercy to us, Lord, reveal,
And with thy loving-kindness bless!

CCLXI.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

"*Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways,*" etc.

BLESSED is he, right blessed he,
Who fears the Lord, and in his ways
Walketh with true integrity,
So showing forth his holy praise!

All shall be well with him at home,
His wife and children glad and good;
And while to Him God's blessings come,
Life offer constant gratitude.

The Lord will him from Zion bless,
His church, and loved abiding-place;
Jerusalem his name confess,
His soul be cheered with boundless grace.

Yea, blessed he, who loving, fears
And serves the Lord in all his ways;
Peace shall attend his growing years,
And life in heaven be ceaseless praise!

CCLXII.

"*Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice.*"—Ps. cxxx. 1, 2.

Out of the depths, to thee, O Lord,
Our burthened hearts would cry;
Help, by the Spirit and the Word,
Our much infirmity!

How sad, and full of all despair
Is life, apart from thee;
How weary, when its weight of care,
Oppresseth heavily.

Lord, though our need is very great,
Thy love is greater still;
Pity our low and vexed estate,
And mould us to thy will.

Lead us to Jesus, fix our love
Unchangeably on him,
Till faith, in perfectness above,
Shall never more be dim!

CCLXIII.

"*I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.*"—Ps. cxxx. 5.

LORD, I hear thy loving calling,
Soft and sweet is Mercy's voice!
On the soul like music falling,
Bidding every thought rejoice.

Lo, dear Lord, I bow before thee,
Wait thy holy will to know;
With a thankful heart adore thee;
Lord, thy blessing now bestow.

All my weakness, all my fear, Lord,
Every doubt is known to thee;
Keep me to thee always near, Lord,
My defence and refuge be.

I am thine, Lord! teach me, guide me,
May thy holy will be mine;
With the strength of faith provide me,
Comfort me with peace divine.

CCLXIV.

" *Praise the Lord, for the Lord is good, sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasan*
—Ps. cxxxv. 3.

PRAISE ye the Lord! for it is right,
Pleasant and good, to praise his name;
The grateful heart's entire delight,
His loving-kindness to proclaim.

Praise ye the Lord! it is his hand
That graciously upholds and guides;
All things obey his wise command,
While he for all our wants provides.

Praise ye the Lord! his precious grace,
Through Christ the Lord, is free and sure;
In all events and times we trace
His love, that ever will endure.

Praise ye the Lord! what glad delight
The song of thankfulness to raise;
For blessings rare, and exquisite,
Praise ye the Lord, for ever praise!

CCLXV.

"O give thanks unto the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever."—Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord! sing to him with cheerful voice!
For that he is good and kind, with a grateful heart rejoice;
Let us magnify his grace, never failing, changing never,
And his mercy, marvellous! flowing forth, and on, and for ever!

O give thanks unto the Lord! for the wonders he hath done,
For his everlasting love manifest in Christ his Son;
For the mercy which for ever, still endureth, full and free,
All sufficient for our need, great as love of God must be!

O give thanks unto the Lord! for that he, the good and great,
With compassion infinite looketh on our low estate;
Watcheth over all our ways, knoweth all our want and care,
And with mercy's gentle hand, helpeth always, everywhere!

O give thanks unto the Lord! for his blessed promise given,
That to persevering faith there shall come the rest of heaven;
Then to know how good he is, there with ceaseless thanks adore,
In the calm of perfect bliss praising him for evermore!

CCLXVI.

"*Search me, O God and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*"—Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

SEARCH me, O God, and know my heart,
 Try me, my God, and know each thought,
And thy refining grace impart
 Till all thy will in me is wrought.

How apt, O Lord, my heart to stray,
 What foolish thoughts perplex my soul;
O see if any wicked way
 Needs thy correction and control.

Search me and try me, gracious Lord,
 And teach me, for my Saviour's sake,
By the wise counsels of thy word,
 His life, my law of love to make.

O lead me by thy kind, strong hand,
 The way of everlasting peace,
With reverent heed to thy command,
 And joy that never more shall cease!

CCLXVII.

"*I will praise thy name for ever and ever.*"—Ps. cxlv. 2.

PRAISES for ever! Sorrow, oh, never!
In our promised home above;
Sin harming never! rest, rest for ever!
Solace and peace in Christ's sweet love.

Glad voices singing! all heaven ringing!
With thankfulness of heart and joy;
Always the ringing, of gladsome singing!
Christ's holy will the loved employ!

Peace everlasting! crowns humbly casting
Before his feet, whom all adore;
Pride from us casting, thanks everlasting;
Triumph in him, for evermore!

Praises for ever! Sorrow, oh, never!
All that was painful, past and done;
Change again never! blessedness ever!
Thanks to our God, through Christ his Son!

CCLXVIII.

"*Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, his greatness is unsearchable.*' Ps. cxlv. 3.

GREAT is our God, his praises great,
All things upon his wisdom wait;
His works and ways conjoin to tell,
His greatness is unsearchable!

Great is the Lord, in everything!
The sweep and strength of angel's wing,
Creation's order, and the sway,
Which all that live and move, obey.

To him unceasing praise belongs,
The thankful heart, our happiest songs,
For all his pardoning mercy shown,
For grace and peace, through Christ his Son.

O past the sense of holiest thought,
The joy by his indwelling wrought!
And never can our praises tell
His greatness, so unsearchable!

CCLXIX.

"*Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.*"—Ps. cxlv. 16.

O THE bounty of thy care,
Living, loving, everywhere;
O the gentle tenderness,
Waiting, watching, Lord, to bless;
To the need of everything,
Kindly, wisely, minist'ring.

Sweet repose to rest on thee,
Constantly thy hand to see;
Wanting,—look for thy supply;
Sad,—remember thou art nigh;
Everywhere, in everything,
Blessed in thy minist'ring.

More than all, oh most of all,
On the love of Christ to call,
For his pardon, peace, and love,
Hope on earth, and rest above,
Where for ever we will raise,
Our unceasing songs of praise!

CCLXX.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH PSALM.

"*Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power,*" etc.

Praise ye the Lord, for ever praise! In his own sanctuary praise him;
In his high firmament of power a song of glad thanksgiving raise him;
Praise him for all his mighty acts, for all his greatness so excelling;
The praise of the eternal past, his glory to the future telling!

Praise God with all the thrilling cheer of world-wide trumpet tones resounding,
Till echoes multitudinous reply with joyful praise abounding;
Praise him with pleasant voice of psalm, the verity of love confessing,
With harp and timbrel, pipe and dance, life's earnest thankfulness expressing.

Praise with melodious instruments, with organ's deep and solemn pealing,
With the high sounding cymbals praise, delightsome heart-accord revealing;
Whatever best may speak his praise, the soul's profound delight displaying,
So magnify his glorious name! in song and service, praise and praying!

Let everything that breatheth praise, with hearty utterance of gladness!
Praise ye the Lord, and praise his Christ, without one thought of fear or sadne
Praise him for life, for mercy praise, for blessed trust that faileth never!
Praise him for promised rest to come! Praise him, yea praise the Lord for

HYMNS

FOR

SPECIAL TIMES AND SEASONS

AND ON

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

CCLXXI.

FOR ALL TIMES AND SEASONS.

"*Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"—Ephes. v. 20.

Give thanks unto God, for his mercy abounding,
For guidance, protection, and help on our way;
For blessings unceasing our pathway surrounding,
And sheltering kindness by night and by day.

Give thanks unto God, for life's comfort and gladness,
For home, with its preciousness, solace, and cheer;
For friendship and sympathy soothing our sadness,
And counsel and strength from on high, always near.

Give thanks unto God, for his blessed salvation
Christ's perfect atonement! our life in his death!
Our rescue from sin in its sad domination,
And love that attends to our prayer's softest breath.

Give thanks unto God! hearty, earnest thanksgiving!
What joy that from Christ we shall never more sever!
Our pilgrimage, progress to heaven's true living!
And then, all thanksgiving for ever and ever!

CCLXXII.

SPRING.

"*Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.*"—Sol. Song ii. 11, 12.

SPRING time when it gently cometh
Speaketh, blessed Lord, of thee,
While in rainbow hues it bloometh,
Pleasantly, so pleasantly!

Who but thou, the fresh uprising
Could so fill with sweet delight,
Who, earth's tapestried devising
Trace with skill so exquisite!

From their silent sleep up-springing
Come, with fragrant breath, the flowers,
Lightsome thoughts of gladness bringing,
Glow and grace of sunny hours.

Grant us, Lord, life's spring-tide blessing,
Hope of glorious things to come,
Till through Christ the joy possessing,
We are safe with thee at home!

CCLXXIII.

SUMMER.

"*Thou hast made summer.*"—Ps. lxxiv. 17.
"*While the earth remaineth—summer—shall not cease.*"—Gen. viii. 22.

BEAUTIFUL in earliest morning,
Beautiful through live-long day,
Comes thy Summer, Lord, adorning
Field and garden, branch and spray.

Clothed in golden robes of lightness,
Earth and sky rejoicing shine;
All the pleasantness and brightness,
Thine, our blessed Lord, all thine!

Thine the evening's fragrant fading,
Thine the joy of every hour;
Thy unceasing love pervading,
Breath of wind, and scent of flower.

Lord, we bow with thanks before thee,
For thy boundless mercies given,
And for promised life adore thee,
Brighter, better yet, in heaven!

CCLXXIV.

AUTUMN.

"*Thou crownest the year with thy goodness—the valleys also are covered over with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing.*"—Ps. lxv. 11, 13.

AUTUMN grandeur us surrounding,
Ripened richness, falling leaves,
Tints and tones and scenes, abounding
With the symbols nature weaves;

Stores of plenty safely treasured,
God's unwearied gifts bestowed,
Mercies varied and unmeasured,
Which the season through have flowed;

Teach us, Lord, of many a blessing
Thou hast granted through the year;
O for hearts thy love confessing!
O for godliness of fear!

Lord, thy love our wants supplying,
Ever our delight shall be,
And while living, or in dying,
We will praise and honour thee!

CCLXXV.

WINTER.

"*Thou hast made winter.*"—Ps. lxxiv. 17.

"*Praise the Lord—He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?*"—Ps. cxlvii. 16, 17.

WINTER, old, and stern, and hoary,
Coldly silent and severe,
Comes, in all its antique glory,
Rear-guard of the passing year.

Frost and hail, God's will obeying,
Wait upon his word of might;
Every snow-flake's airy playing
Showing wisdom, infinite!

So the season flitteth by us,
And its course will soon be run;
Yet if thou, our God, art nigh us,
All is well, through Christ thy Son.

Be thou nigh, through joy and sorrow,
Nigh, till all time's changes cease,
Then shall dawn life's glad to-morrow,
Heaven! and everlasting peace!

CCLXXVI.

MORNING.

"*Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning, for in thee do I trust.*"—Ps. cxlv. 8.

Beautiful Morning! with footstep of lightness!
Welcomed with bird-song and fragrance of flowers,
Coming with freshness, and pureness, and brightness,
Sparkling with cheer for day's opening hours!

Beautiful Morning! with buoyancy springing
Above and away from the shadow of night;
Refreshment, and vigour, and joyfulness bringing,
Glowing and gladsome, with brilliance dight.

Beautiful always, as God's gracious giving,
Beautiful ever, while he is our friend;
Welcome, the duties and labours of living,
Pleasant, our time in his service to spend.

Beautiful Morning! with gratitude hailing
Thy Advent, we bend to the God of our day,
And trusting his merciful kindness unfailing,
Go forward, with thanks, and in peace, on our way!

CCLXXVII.

EVENING.

"*The day goeth away, the shadows of the evening are stretched out.*"—Jer. vi. 4.

BEAUTIFUL Evening! soft shadows are falling,
And day's many voices are stilled, one by one;
Echo to silence with tenderness calling;
Our duties, and labours, and wearyings done.

Beautiful Evening! when, daylight departing,
Hushings of musical cadences come;
Sentinel Stars, to their night-watching starting,
And birds on a quiet wing hastening home.

Beautiful always, in fading or changing,
Beautiful most, if God's blessing be near,
For all things are good, when his loving arranging,
Has teaching and suasion to live in his fear.

Beautiful Evening! God gives thee thy beauty,
As all things of beauty and goodness are his!
We thank him with gladness, and praise with our duty,
And watch for the daylight of heaven's true bliss!

CCLXXVIII.

MORNING HYMN.

"*I will sing of thy power, yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning.*"—Ps. lix. 16.

God of all our mercies, hear us!
To thy footstool we repair;
Be, in loving-kindness, near us,
Listen to our Morning prayer!
By thy favour, Lord, and blessing,
Mercies many, cheer our days;
Lo, we come, our thanks expressing;
Listen to our Morning praise!

Through the night, Lord, watching o'er us,
Thou didst guard us while we slept;
And, with morning light, restore us,
All our comforts, safely kept.
Now the day its claims presenting,
Grant us grace all sin to shun;
Grace upholding, and preventing;
Joy and peace through Christ thy Son!

CCLXXIX.

EVENING HYMN.

"*I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell safety.*"—Ps. iv. 8.

GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, thus before thee
With our varied want and care;
For a blessing we implore thee,
Listen to our Evening prayer!
By thy favour safely living,
With a grateful heart we raise,
Songs of jubilant thanksgiving;
Listen to our Evening praise!

Through the day, Lord, thou hast given,
Strength sufficient for our need;
Cheered us with sweet hopes of heaven,
Helped, and comforted indeed.
Lord, we thank thee, and adore thee,
For the solace of thy love;
And rejoicing thus before thee,
Wait thy blessing from above!

CCLXXX.

MORNING SONG.

"*Trust—in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.*"—1 Tim. vi. 17.

GOD of the cheerful morning,
As of the quiet night;
All things of thine adorning,
Are beautiful and bright.

Thou giver of each blessing,
That life can know or feel;
O hear our heart's confessing,
And purify and heal.

We wait, O Lord, before thee,
With our unceasing need;
And thankfully adore thee,
For thou art good indeed.

All brightness and all beauty,
Are thine alone to give;
And ours the happy duty,
Through Christ, to thee to live.

CCLXXXI.

EVENING SONG.

"*His divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, ugh the knowledge of Him that hath called us to glory and virtue.*"—2 Pet. i. 3.

GOD of the Evening's beauty,
As of each pleasant day;
We come with cheerful duty,
Our praise and thanks to pay.

All life is full of sweetness,
When blest by thy true love;
While we with growing meetness,
Approach our home above.

And every day hath blessing,
And every night hath peace,
While we thy grace possessing,
In holiness increase.

We pray for thy kind keeping,
Through Christ in all our ways,
That waking, Lord, or sleeping,
Our life may be thy praise.

CCLXXXII.

MORNING HYMN.

"*My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord: in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.*"—Ps. v. 3.

PRAISE to the Lord, for ever praise!
For all the mercy of his ways;
Through the dark hours his care has kept,
And comforted, while we have slept.

How great the goodness that delights
To shelter through the silent nights,
That hushes us to calm repose,
And guards from danger, fear, and foes.

We pray thee Lord, for Jesus' sake,
Our feeble hand in thine to take,
And lead us safely through the day,
That we nor sin, or from thee stray.

We thank thee, Lord, for faith's true rest,
On thee, the wisest and the best,
Upraising thus our morning song,
And wait thy guidance kind and strong.

CCLXXXIII.

EVENING HYMN.

'*Lord, I cry unto thee—Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense: and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.*"—Ps. cxli. 1, 2.

PRAISE to the Lord, for ever praise!
For all the mercy of his ways;
Through all the day his love has led,
Supplied our need, and comforted.

How great his goodness! and the care
That guards our goings everywhere;
How good the greatness that provides,
And through all dangers safely guides.

Lord, ever for our Saviour's sake
Our hand in thine, so mighty, take,
And through each day, and every night,
Grant us thy blessing infinite.

Now, Lord, as daily duties close,
Bestow on us night's calm repose;
And, for the sake of thy dear son,
Eternal rest, when life is done.

CCLXXXIV.

MORNING HYMN.

"*The Lord's mercies are new every morning—great is thy faithfulness.*"—Lam. iii. 22, 23.

THOU gracious God, as comes the day,
Claiming its sacrifice of praise;
Our cheerful homage thus we pay,
And song of glad thanksgiving raise.

For thou art kind, as thou art good;
Seasons and times proclaim thee thus;
While home, and friends, and health, and food,
Show forth thy mindfulness of us.

We thank the never-ceasing care,
Which shelters, comforts, and provides;
How free thy tender mercies are!
How strong the arm that helps and guides!

But most we thank thee for thy grace,
Through Christ the Lord so freely given;
Our solace and heart's resting place,
Sweet foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

CCLXXXV.

EVENING HYMN.

"*Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.*"—Ps. lxv. 8.

Our gracious God, as fades the day,
In the sweet calm of eventide,
Our grateful homage we would pay,
To thee, our comforter and guide.

For thy kind hand has led us on,
Through dangers many, and all care,
And in the various duties done,
Has been our helper everywhere.

O blessed rest for weariness,
To lean upon thy mighty love;
Sweet solace, Lord, in all distress,
Thy promise of our home above.

We thank thee for each cheering word,
For every mercy of the day;
And trusting thee, through Christ the Lord,
Put all disturbing thoughts away!

CCLXXXVI.

SUNDAY MORNING.

"*I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now in the presence of all his people. In the courts of the Lord's house. Praise ye the Lord.*"—Ps. cxvi. 17, 19.

HALLELUJAH! lo, the morning!
God's own holy, tranquil day,
With its blessedness of solace,
Come to cheer us on our way.
Hallelujah!
Let us to his house to pray.

Hallelujah! it sufficeth
That we labour through the week;
Now God's gracious help and teaching,
With a true heart we would seek.
Hallelujah!
Lord, in mercy to us speak.

Hallelujah! loving-kindness
Grant us, Lord, through Christ thy Son;
Bless with pardon and thy guidance,
Till life's discipline is done;
Hallelujah!
Then shall our reward be won.

CCLXXXVII.

SUNDAY EVENING.

"*As for me, I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me. Evening and morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud, and he shall hear my voice.*"—Ps. lv. 16, 17.

HALLELUJAH! lo, the evening!
God's good day will soon be past;
Prayer's sweet breathing, fragrant praises,
Fade in falling echoes fast.
Hallelujah!
God's true love will ever last.

Hallelujah! mercies many,
Have adorned and cheered the day;
Christ's own gentle words of comfort,
Coming to us, came to stay.
Hallelujah!
Blessed they, who him obey.

Hallelujah! to uphold us,
Go, Lord, with us, where we go;
Let thy precious help and guidance,
Thy good way of gladness show;
Hallelujah!
Till the joy of heaven we know.

CCLXXXVIII.

SUNDAY MORNING.

"*I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.*"—Ps. cxxii. 1.

With gladsome heart and thankful mind,
 Great God, we to thy house repair,
And wait, in joyful hope to find,
 Thy presence, and thy blessing there.

For thou art good, as thou art great,
 Thy mercy infinitely free!
And knowing all our low estate,
 Thou watchest, Lord, our help to be.

So to thine own appointed place,
 We come, our grateful songs to raise;
And solaced by thy help and grace,
 Present to thee our thankful praise.

Oh blessedness indeed to come,
 Where Christ the Lord we hope to meet;
And feel, while cheered by thoughts of home,
 Obedience joy, and duty sweet.

CCLXXXIX.

SUNDAY EVENING.

"*I went to the house of God with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day.*"—Ps. xlii. 4.

We thank and bless thee, gracious Lord,
For all the counsel of thy word;
And gratefully, and gladly raise,
Our evening song of joy and praise.

To meet with those who Jesus love,
Is happiness, like that above;
Thy mercy in our hymns to sing,
Delight, like that which heaven will bring.

Accept the service of our heart,
Pardon and peace, through Christ impart;
Uplift our faith and hope, to be
Sweet solace, and repose in thee.

Thus, Lord, with thanks for peace and rest,
In Christ, the kindest and the best,
With grateful hearts to Thee we pay,
Our evening thanks, for this thy day.

CCXC.

SUNDAY MORNING.

"*Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.*"—Exod. xx. 8.

WITHIN thine house, on this thy day,
Our grateful homage we would pay;
Rendering to thee, with one accord,
Our loving service, gracious Lord!

We come with thankful hearts, to raise
Our morning sacrifice of praise;
With memories of sin and care,
To seek the solace, Lord, of prayer.

Oh come to us with cheering love,
Exalt our thoughts to things above;
While thy forgiving grace imparts,
Comfort and joy to all our hearts.

Oh thou whose mercy is so great,
Teach us and bless, while thus we wait
And let thine Holy Spirit be,
Our Comforter, eternally!

CCXCI.

SUNDAY EVENING.

"*If thou call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and thou shalt honour him, not doing thine own way, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.*"—Isa. lviii. 13, 14.

How pleasantly thy holy day,
Passes, oh Lord our God, away;
While soothingly its teachings come,
To help, and cheer our journey home.

As Evening gathers round us now,
Before thy Mercy-seat we bow;
O bless us with a loving fear,
Our prayers receive, our praises hear.

Pardon the sins which throng and press
Our hearts, with such sad bitterness;
Each careless thought, and heedless word,
Forgive, for Jesus' sake, O Lord!

Accept the grateful thanks we bring,
For all thy blessed comforting;
For countless mercies, freely given,
And happy hopes of rest in heaven!

CCXCII.

FOR COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"*Wherewithal shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God.*"—Micah vi. 6.

LORD, before thee humbly bending,
In thine own appointed place;
On thy Spirit's help depending,
We appear before thy face.
Hear and bless us!
With thy sanctifying grace.

In our weakness, care, and blindness,
To thy Mercy-seat we come;
Thou hast plenteous loving-kindness,
In thy heart, we know, is room.
Hear and bless us!
Guide us safely to our home,

All our hope abides securely,
In the Saviour's boundless love;
We would serve thee, truly, purely,
Till the joy of heaven we prove.
Bless, oh bless us!
With that perfect rest above.

CCXCIII.

FOR CONCLUSION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"Singing and making melody in our heart to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Ephes. v. 19, 20.

LORD, before thy footstool bending,
Our thanksgiving thus we bring;
Prayer and praise together blending,
Grant us thy sweet comforting.
Hear and bless us!
While to thee we gladly sing.

Thou hast cheered us with thy blessing,
Taught us by thy words of love;
Precious hope in Christ possessing,
Lord, we seek our rest above.
Hear and bless us!
Till its perfectness we prove.

All around us, Lord, is fleeting,
Time and life are passing too;
Keep us till a loving greeting,
Welcomes to thy mercies new.
Ever blessing!
Heaven's eternal ages through.

CCXCIV.

FOR COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"*O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.*"—Ps. lxv. 2.

How blessed, Lord, the hour of prayer!
How precious the accustomed place,
Where, wearied by life's toil and care,
Thy people meet to seek thy face.

Again, O Lord our God, we come,
With burthened hearts and varied fear;
And yearning for our heavenly home,
To thee, through Christ the Lord, draw near.

We love thee, Lord! and loving, pray
That thou wouldst guard, and guide, and bless;
And taking all our fear away,
Give heart's ease, and true happiness.

Oh blessed rest of hopeful love,
When the soul has its trust in thee;
By prayerful life abides above,
And waits before thee joyfully!

CCXCV.

FOR COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"*Come and see.*"—John i. 39.

LORD, we are come to see,
 Thy glory and thy power;
We seek thy Spirit's ministry,
 To sanctify this hour.

We come with hearts of care,
 With consciousness of sin;
We fain, O Lord, thy love would share,
 Thy pardon feel within.

The grace of Christ the Lord,
 Is our soul's only rest;
Reveal it to us through thy Word,
 And make us truly blest!

Lord, we are come to thee,
 With patient prayer we wait;
Thou knowest our infirmity,
 We know thy love is great!

CCXCVI.

FOR COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"*Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.*"—James iv. 8.

THOU glorious Spirit! by whose aid
The anxious soul finds rest and peace;
Whose ministry of love is made,
A joy that never more shall cease,

Come to us, Lord, in all the power
Of sanctifying hope and faith;
And fill the place, and bless the hour,
Unfolding all thy gospel saith.

Teach us thy holy will to do,
With loving earnestness of zeal;
To follow Christ our life time through,
His right to us and ours, to feel.

Lord, we are thine! speak kindly Lord!
Instruct and comfort, help and bless;
Order our footsteps by thy word,
And guide to perfect happiness.

CCXCVII.

FOR COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"*Wait on the Lord.*"—Ps. xxvii. 14.

We wait on thee, our gracious Lord,
In cheerful hope, and loving faith;
To learn the teachings of thy word,
And mark and ponder all it saith.

We wait on thee, to know thy will,
That we may feel thy cheering love;
To pray that thou, our God, wilt fill
Our souls with peace like that above.

We wait on thee, great God, with prayer,
That sin in us may be subdued;
And all life's guidance, joy or care,
With tokens of thy love embued.

We wait on thee, our waiting bless!
Our hearts and homes thy dwelling make;
Lead us in paths of righteousness,
To rest in heaven for Jesus' sake.

CCXCVIII.

FOR COMMENCEMENT OF WEEK-DAY WORSHIP.

"*The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open to their prayers.*"
—1 Pet. iii. 12.

Coming from various joy or care,
From toils and duties of the day;
With a glad heart we now repair
Unto thy house, O Lord, to pray.

Come thou to us, our gracious Lord;
Come by the spirit in thy power!
Refresh and strengthen by thy Word,
And bless and sanctify this hour.

Teach us how full of hope and peace,
How safe the life that rests on thee;
Revive our faith, our joy increase,
Our refuge and our solace be,

O help our waiting hearts to rise
All worldly hindrances above;
And thankfully to realize,
Christ's precious and eternal love.

CCXCIX.

FOR COMMENCEMENT OF WEEK-DAY WORSHIP.

"*Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.*"—Ps. cxli. 2.

With grateful thoughts, in words of praise,
Our hearts their song of gladness raise;
For countless mercies through the day,
Our thanks at eventide we pay:
Great God, accept the praise we bring,
And sanctify us while we sing.

O blessedness! to rest on thee,
With faith's entire integrity;
O happy hope! whose strength of joy,
Is consecrate to thine employ;
O peace! for ever to endure,
Repose in Christ! profound and pure.

Grant us, O Lord, thy Spirit's power,
To cheer our souls, and bless the hour;
And fill us with such light divine,
That life's whole purpose may be thine;
All thine! until time's labour done,
Heaven's everlasting rest be won.

CCC.

FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

"*Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul. While I live will I praise Lord; I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.*"—Ps. cxlvi. 1, 2.

GREAT GOD, with thankful hearts, we raise
To thee, our song of grateful praise,
For all thy loving care, exprest
In tranquil days, and nights of rest.

How pleasant, to be gently led
By thy kind hand, and comforted;
How safe, if thou dost watch the while,
And on our pilgrim progress smile.

What blessedness, when comfort springs
From thine eternal solacings;
What calm repose, and joy of soul,
If thou our heart and life control.

As closes, Lord, the Week, we raise
Our grateful song of thankful praise;
For faith confirmed, and mercies given,
And brighter hopes of rest in heaven!

CCCI.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"*Hold up my goings in thy paths that my footsteps slip not. I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God.*"—Ps. xvii. 5, 6.

LORD our God, our souls adore thee!
And before thee humbly bend,
Bringing thanks and praise before thee,
To our prayer, O Lord, attend,
While, for Christ's sake, we implore thee
Through the year to be our friend.

What but thine own gracious keeping
Can restrain, when we would stray,
Who but thou, protect us sleeping,
Guard and guide us through the day,
Heal our hearts in time of weeping,
Hear and answer when we pray.

So, to thee our souls committing,
We, in hope, begin the Year,
And while time and life are flitting,
To thy side abiding near,
Pray for strength, and blessings fitting;
Lord, in loving-kindness hear!

CCCII.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

"*Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"—Eph. v. 19, 20.

LORD our God! with adoration
In thy presence we appear,
Thankful for thy ceaseless blessings,
For thy mercies always near,
With memorial thoughts, of kindness
Granted to us through the year.

In our weakness, thou hast strengthened,
When we feared, hast whispered peace,
When temptations crowded round us,
It was thou didst bid them cease,
And while footsore, sad, or weary,
Cheered our souls with faith's increase.

Lord, we thankfully adore thee
For abounding comforts given,
And relying on thy promise,
Yet will strive, as we have striven,
Knowing that, through Christ our Saviour,
We shall find true rest in heaven.

CCCIII.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"*This I say, brethren, the time is short, it remaineth that—they use the world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away.*"—1 Cor. vii. 29—31.

THROUGH the daylight, through the darkness,
Time has hasted on,
Moments, with a ceaseless rustle
Passing, one by one,
Days and months in prompt succession,
Till the Year is done.

Life so solemn, life so earnest,
Ours, in trust for thee,
Lo, we hold it, Lord, and use it,
In its sanctity,
At thy bidding, for thy service,
Lord, our helper be!

Make us holy, always happy,
Christ-like, blessing, blest;
Then our time, though flitting, flitting,
With thy love imprest
Shall be mercy's special pathway
To our home, and rest!

CCCIV.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

"*How long have I to live?*"—2 Sam. xix. 34.

How long I have to live,
 Thou, Lord, alone dost know;
Only do thou thy blessing give,
 Thy helpful love bestow,
And whatsoe'er my life shall be,
I leave, with tranquil heart, to thee.

Life is or short or long,
 Not by its measured days;
But as its faith is weak or strong,
 As in thy holy ways,
Or in the world it passeth on,
Thy will contemned, or gladly done.

Let me but live aright,
 In calm and godly fear,
Through Christ, accepted in thy sight,
 Thy conscious presence near,
And life, or long or short, shall be,
Blessed indeed, O Lord, in thee!

CCCV.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

"*My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.*"—Job vii. 6.

As the weaver's shuttle flitteth,
 Mocking with its speed, the eye,
So our time with restless progress
 Hastens, hastens swiftly by.

Moments in their countless grouping,
 Days with crowded heaps of care;
Years on years with sturdy footstep,
 Passing from us—passing where?

Lord, if to thy blessed keeping
 We with trustful hoping come;
All the discipline of trial,
 Will prepare us for our home.

Calm and holy then our living,
 Joyful in Christ's loving fear,
And however swift time's passing,
 All is well, Heaven draweth near!

CCCVI.

LIFE BUT AS A FADING FLOWER.

"*All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.*"—Isa. xl. 6—8.

ALL flesh is grass that liveth but to wither,
Ever, though goodly, but as fading flower;
The cold wind bloweth, and the fairest promise,
Passes away, as flits the passing hour.

All flesh is grass, the people, low or lofty,
Peasant or prince, the learned or unwise,
Must bow the head to death's resistless summons,
If but the Spirit of the Lord arise.

Yea, but the Word of God shall stand for ever,
And at his word alone, is life or death;
Rest thee secure in Christ, thy Lord and Saviour,
Who watcheth, Lord of all! thy lightest breath.

So, go or come, do every duty bravely,
Thy fading-time or withering, waits his will;
Work for thy God, whose word for aye abideth,
And thus the urgent claim of life fulfil.

CCCVII.

MILLENNIAL TIME.

"*And the Lord said—as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.*"—Numb. xiv. 20, 21.

LORD, we believe thy gracious word,
And wait to see the blessing come;
When thou, through Christ, shalt be adored,
By every heart, in every home;
And the whole earth shall own thy sway,
And thy most holy will obey.

O glorious time! when everywhere,
Thy blessed Gospel shall be known;
And all who live, rejoicing, share
The grace of thy beloved Son.
Not one rebellious thought or word,
Uprising, to offend thee, Lord!

Glory to thee, and peace to men!
Glad hearts unceasing songs shall raise;
One universal anthem then
Proclaim thine everlasting praise,
When Christ the Lord assumes the throne;
Thy word fulfilled, his travail done!

CCCVIII.

THE MISSIONARY.

"*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation.*"—Isa. lii. 7.

In the land of the far-away,
Across, and beyond the sea;
Where the hot sun rules the day,
Or the cold and darkness be;
Lo, men and women, thy servants, Lord,
Proclaim to the heathen thy precious word!

God bless them in all their cares,
God bless them in every joy;
Thou hearest their often prayers
For help in their loved employ;
Hear us, O Lord, as through Christ we plead,
For succour, to cheer them, in all their need.

Lead them ever in the light,
And the comfort of thy love;
Keep their faith serene and bright,
Their hope in the home above.
Lord, bless with thy blessing, eternally,
The men and women who toil for thee

CCCIX.

THE MISSIONARY.

"*Go ye—and teach all nations—lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.*"—Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.

In the clime where the sun in its fierceness is shining,
Or nature in ice-fetters silently sleeps;
God's messenger, weary, but never repining,
O'er heathendom's wretchedness trembles and weeps;
Yet tenderly, suasively, everywhere, ever,
He tells of the Saviour's so exquisite love;
His gentle compassion that faileth, no never,
The merciful wisdom that guideth above.

Dear Saviour, we know that apart from thy blessing,
The words will be fruitless, the labour in vain;
We pray for thy help, that thy presence possessing,
The truth of thy gospel free course may obtain.
Bless the messenger, Lord, give thy succour and cheering,
Let the Word come with power, sin's captives be freed;
The joy of thy love in its pureness endearing
Thy message of peace; life's redemption indeed!

CCCX.

THE CHRISTIAN INVITATION.

"*Come with us, and we will do thee good.*"—Numb. x. 29.

COME with us! we seek the Lord,
In his own appointed ways;
Guided by his holy word,
Showing forth his worthy praise. Come with us!

Come! our God is very kind,
Always listens to our prayers,
Helps the weary, cures the blind,
Comforts us in all our cares. Come with us!

Come! and we will do thee good,
As God loves us, loving thee,
Cheering thy most troubled mood,
Leading where green pastures be. Come with us!

Come with us! Christ is our guide,
His the love that faileth never;
Come! He will for thee provide,
Bless thee now, and bless for ever! Come with us!

CCCXI.

GOD'S HOLY BOOK.

"*Come and see.*"—John i. 39.

COME and see what blessing springs
From the teaching of the Lord;
Come and learn what glorious things
Are recorded in his Word. Come and see!

Come and see how fairly writ
Every holy precept there,
Every blessed promise knit
With the call to faith and prayer. Come and see!

Come and see the leaves unfold
Truth, in all its sway and scope;
How the mighty men of old
Lived and loved, and died in hope. Come and see!

Come and see the pleasant light
Shed on all God's righteous ways,
How his mercies infinite
Well demand our ceaseless praise. Come and see!

CCCXII.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"*Come and see.*"—John i. 39.

COME and see the Man of Grief,
 Full of sorrows, weary, sad,
Living for our soul's relief,
 Sorrowful, to make us glad. Come and see!

Come and see our blessed Lord,
 Christ, our Saviour and our King;
Come, relying on his word,
 Without fear or trembling. Come and see!

Come and see the Lord of life
 Yield to death and seek the grave;
Victor he in that great strife,
 God be thanked! our souls to save. Come and see!

Come and see that blessed one,
 Raised triumphant, upward soar;
God and Lord, in Christ the Son,
 Glorified for evermore! Come and see!

CCCXIII.

GOD'S LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR.

"*Fear thou not, for I am with thee.*"—Isa. xli. 10.

If thou our Lord and God art near,
We will not hesitate or fear;
But cheerfully and gladly go,
Wherever thou the path dost show.

Why should we fear, while everywhere
Our life is compassed by thy care!
Why should our hearts disturbed be,
While we, O God, are near to thee!

O blessed life, when thou dost bless,
With hope of heaven's sweet happiness!
O joy and peace that cannot end,
If our Redeemer is our friend!

Come to us, then, thou gracious Lord,
And guide our footsteps by thy word;
Sustain and comfort, help and cheer,
And banish and forbid all fear.

CCCXIV.

GOD FORBIDDETH HEART-DISMAY.

"*Be not dismayed, I am thy God.*"—Isa. xli. 10.

ART thou our God? then why dismayed,
Why of life's pilgrimage afraid!
Lord, cause our trembling hearts to be,
In trustfulness at peace with thee.

Art thou our God? O joy most pure!
What tranquil hope, our home how sure;
How sweet the soul's glad resting-place,
In Christ the Lord's unchanging grace.

Thou art our God! and we shall know,
What blessings from thy teaching flow;
How pleasant and how good the way,
That leads to heaven's eternal day.

Our God! without dismay we press,
Through time, to life's true blessedness;
Our Guardian and our Saviour be,
And comfort us eternally!

CCCXV.

GOD OUR STRENGTH AND HELPER.

"*I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee.*"—Isa. xli. 10.

In all our weakness, gracious Lord,
We trust the promise of thy word,
That thou, in all life's toil and need,
Wilt help and comfort us indeed.

How often, to our heart's dismay,
We wander from the rightful way;
And when we trust ourselves alone,
How soon our helplessness is shown.

Great God, our folly thou dost know,
Happy for us that it is so!
Our danger to ourselves reveal,
And rescue us, and save, and heal.

We wait before thee, Lord, with prayer
That thou wouldst sanctify our care,
And strengthen us, till life is done,
And help and bless, through Christ thy Son!

CCCXVI.

GOD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS, UPHOLDETH.

"*Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.*"—Isa. xli. 10.

By thy right hand of righteousness,
Uphold us, mighty God, and bless;
Our sins subdue, our footsteps guide,
And for our varied wants provide.

Thou blessed Lord! without thy care,
Our souls are not refreshed by prayer;
Without thy fellowship, the way
Is lonely, and we go astray.

But joyfulness indeed, to be
Sustained and comforted by thee;
Our pathway brightened by the love,
That promises such bliss above.

For Jesus' sake our souls protect,
And all our way through life direct;
Uphold and guide us, Lord, and bless,
By thy right hand of righteousness.

CCCXVII.

GOD IN THE PAST.

"*All things come of thee.*"—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

We thank thee, Lord, that we believe,
That all things come of thee;
All sorrows that have made us grieve,
And life's much mystery.

How varied, Lord, has been the way,
By which we have been led;
We often thought it went astray,
And paused, and wondered!

And yet, we know that all was meant
In mercy, and in love;
And every care and pain was sent,
To guide our souls above.

How full of joy then, to retrace
Life's pilgrimage, and see
That rest, and change, and time, and place,
And all things, come of thee!

CCCXVIII.

GOD IN THE PRESENT.

"*All things come of thee.*"—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

How blessed, Lord, in thee to rest,
 While burthened with life's care;
To feel that they are happiest,
 Who see thee everywhere!

To know that change, and weariness,
 Which trouble so our way;
The oft-recurring heart distress,
 Sad night, and weary day;

The throb of pain, and trembling sigh,
 The doubt, and grief, and fear;
All pass before thy watchful eye,
 Or reach thy listening ear.

We praise thee, Lord, that it is so,
 That passing life may be,
All calm and blessed, while we know
 That all things come of thee!

CCCXIX.

GOD IN THE FUTURE.

"*All things come of thee.*"—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

With patient hope we gladly wait
 Our life's result to see;
Thankful that all things, small and great,
 Come, gracious Lord, of thee.

How soon shall dawn that blessed morn,
 When all time's conflicts o'er,
Our souls, to new existence born,
 Shall fear and grieve no more.

O joy to be where thou dost dwell,
 To see thee as thou art;
The love of Christ to feel and tell,
 With ever thankful heart.

How full of pure and tranquil bliss,
 That home in heaven will be;
Its everlasting anthem this,
 That all things came of thee!

CCCXX.

GODLY CONTENTMENT.

"*Godliness with contentment is great gain.*"—1 Tim. vi. 6.

Grant me, Lord, a heart so true,
So with real contentment blest,
That thine holy will to do,
Shall of all things please me best.

Fill my soul with godly fear,
Pure and patient, always good;
Living to thee ever near,
Holy life of gratitude.

O what great and precious gain,
Far beyond all earth can give,
When my thoughts thou dost restrain,
While to thee I gladly live.

For the blessed Saviour's sake,
True content on me bestow;
Godliness my treasure make,
And its great gain let me know.

CCCXXI.

THE BEATITUDES.

No. 1.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. v. 3.

To serve thee with a humble mind,
 Great God, is service true;
The poor in spirit ever find
 Thy blessing sweet and new.

O fill our hearts with gentleness,
 Our thoughts unselfish make;
Our motives, and our conduct bless,
 For Christ the Saviour's sake.

How blessed they, and only they,
 Who follow thy good will;
With meekness their devotion pay,
 With love thy law fulfil.

Grant to us, Lord, that help and cheer,
 And guidance may be given;
We every day advancing near,
 Our kingdom, up in heaven!

CCCXXII.

THE BEATITUDES.

No. 2.

"*Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.*"—Matt. v. 4.

Sin wields a power so fierce and strong,
O'er our weak hearts, O Lord,
That conscience mourns the frequent wrong,
We do thy holy word.

Lo, with a broken heart indeed,
Our frailty we confess;
And mournfully deplore our need,
And pray thee, Lord, to bless.

We own before thee many a sin,
Neglect, and pride, and doubt;
We mourn the carelessness within,
The heedlessness without.

O, comfort us! oh, comfort us!
With Christ's so precious love;
Till mourning thus, and blessed thus,
Life ends in peace above!

CCCXXIII.

THE BEATITUDES.

No. 3.

"*Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.*"—Matt. v. 5.

GRANT us thy blessing from above,
Great God, our teacher be;
That we, in meekness and in love,
May serve, and follow thee.

Through him who our example is,
The patient one, and meek,
We strive for heaven's superior bliss,
While here thine aid we seek.

The meek and humble and the true,
Thou lovest and wilt save;
Guiding them wisely, all life through,
From childhood to the grave.

From thee earth's every comfort springs,
Its heritage is given;
And all the better, holier things,
Which follow on, in heaven!

CCCXXIV.

THE BEATITUDES.

No. 4.

"*Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.*"—Matt. v. 6.

To hunger, Lord, and thirst indeed,
For Righteousness in thee;
With sense profound of constant need,
Our daily life should be.

For very good it is, and right,
A joy beyond compare,
To live with patience in thy sight,
Contented, everywhere!

Oh blessedness to watch and wait
On thy most holy will;
And know thy bounty, wise as great,
Our cup will rightly fill!

Thou gracious Saviour, and our friend,
Our hearts upon thee rest;
Thy constant love to us extend,
And blessing, make us blest!

CCCXXV.

THE BEATITUDES.

No. 5.

"*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.*"—Matt. v. 7.

How blessed they, who loving thee,
Obey thy holy will;
Follow thy guidance cheerfully,
And thy commands fulfil.

Blessed to be, in all our ways,
Thy followers, gracious Lord;
Our lives devoted to thy praise,
Our guide thy holy word.

O blessed life, that marking thine,
All merciful and true;
Follows example so divine,
And shows its mercy too.

Lord of all mercy, help and bless,
Our hearts thy temple make;
And lead to heaven's pure happiness,
For the Lord Jesus' sake.

CCCXXVI.

THE BEATITUDES.

No. 6.

"*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*"—Matt. v. 8.

GREAT GOD, how blessed is the life,
That aims to live to thee;
And mingling not in worldly strife,
A life in Christ would be!

How blessed to be pure and true,
In thought, in wish, and word;
Rendering to thee in all we do,
Our faithful service, Lord.

Oh happy heart, where purity,
Has its own calm abode;
And hope and faith wait patiently,
Upon thy will, our God.

Lord, bless us with thy helpful love,
Through Jesus Christ thy Son;
That we thy face may see above,
When life below is done.

CCCXXVII.

THE BEATITUDES.

No. 7.

lessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."—Matt. v. 9

GRANT us, O Lord, such faith and love,
To serve and follow thee;
That all our way to heaven above,
A growth in grace may be.

God of all peace, thy blessing give,
That we through all life's care,
May to thy praise and glory live,
Peace-makers everywhere.

O gentleness and patient love,
Have mighty power to bless;
And quietness and peace will prove,
A life of blessedness.

Grant us, O God, sustaining grace,
Till all time's conflicts cease;
And we shall see thy smiling face,
And life be perfect peace.

CCCXXVIII.

THE BEATITUDES.

No. 8.

"*Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*"—Matt. v. 10.

How blessed, Lord, thy people are,
How calm their hearts may be,
Though passing through life's toil and care,
While resting, Lord, on thee.

Though persecution may assail,
And sorrow vex, or grieve,
Thy timely succour will not fail,
To comfort or relieve.

And though, because of righteousness,
They scorn, and pain endure;
Yet thou rememberest, Lord, to bless,
And heaven's glad rest is sure.

And Christ the Lord all tenderly,
For every need provides;
And to their kingdom, up with thee,
The Holy Spirit guides.

CCCXXIX.

THE BEATITUDES.

No. 9.

"*Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*"—Matt. v. 11, 12.

How blessed, Lord, when cares oppress,
And men revile, or sneer;
And evil tongues, or false, distress,
To feel that thou art near!

If, for thy sake, the world upbraid,
As to good men of old;
Our souls shall never be afraid,
Nor thou thine help withhold.

O blessed rest for hope and heart,
In thine Almighty love;
Which promises, and will impart,
Reward in heaven above.

Lord, we rejoice exceedingly,
In thine upholding might;
And trust, through Christ, thy face to see,
With infinite delight.

CCCXXX.

PRAYER.

"*Lord, teach us to pray.*"—Luke xi. 1.

In the deep silence of the heart,
Where lies the fount of prayer;
Come, gracious Saviour, and impart,
Thy vital influence there.

Without thy stirring breath of power
No vigour comes, or life;
No struggle in temptation's hour,
Nor calm for time of strife.

Come, Holy One, incite, persuade,
Rouse faith, and hope, and love;
That instant, earnest prayer be made,
And life, true living prove.

We need to pray, for we are weak,
And prayer is strength alway;
Thy blessing, and strong help we seek,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

CCCXXXI.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"*Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name,*" etc.—Matt. vi. 9.

Our Father, who in Heaven dost dwell, thou Lord and God most High,
Who by thy wise omnipotence, dost rule o'er earth and sky,
We honour thee, we worship thee, with praise of loud acclaim;
On bended knee our cry shall be, all Hallowed be thy Name!

For blessedness and purity, Lord, let thy Kingdom come,
To regulate the world's affairs, and sanctify each home,
That the good law, and holy will, of Jesus Christ thy Son,
May, reverently, on the earth, as in the heavens be done.

Give us, O Lord, our daily bread, each daily want supply,
And hear and pity us, Good Lord, when we for pardon cry;
And help us, that life's gentle mode may show how we have striven
To conquer selfish sinfulness, forgiving as forgiven.

Keep from temptation's subtle wiles, lead us not thither, Lord;
From evil, O deliver us, according to thy word;
For thine the Kingdom is, our God; the glory thine, and power,
Ever, Amen! So let it be, henceforth, for evermore!

CCCXXXII.

GOD OUR FATHER.

"*Our Father which art in Heaven.*"—Matt. vi. 9.

Our Father, who in Heaven dost dwell,
In everlasting blessedness;
What heart can know, or language tell,
Thy glory, or thy power express.

Lo, we thy children on thee wait,
With loving hope, and simple trust;
Thy mercy is sublimely great,
Thy ways and will supremely just.

Our Father! we are full of need,
Wandering too often far from thee;
Thy warnings we so little heed,
Or sinful things resist and flee.

How good thou art to bless us still,
With constant help and gentle care;
Teach us to love thy holy will,
And learn how good its counsels are!

CCCXXXIII.

GOD'S NAME TO BE HALLOWED.

"*Hallowed be thy Name.*"—Matt. vi. 9.

HALLOWED be thy Name, O Lord,
 Power, wisdom, mercy are thine own;
And everywhere thou art adored,
 Where life is pure, and truth is known.

Among the glorious hosts above,
 Who look upon thee as thou art,
The holiest reverence of love,
 Swells in each glad and thankful heart.

And we, to whom thy gracious care,
 Life, comfort, peace, and hope, has given;
We know how great thy mercies are,
 And bless thee with those hosts of heaven.

Great God, whose everlasting praise,
 The life and death of Christ proclaim,
To thee our grateful song we raise;
 For ever Hallowed by thy Name!

CCCXXXIV.

GOD'S KINGDOM DESIRED.

"*Thy Kingdom come.*"—Matt. vi. 10.

THY Kingdom Come, O Lord, to be
The world's true comfort and its joy;
A loving service rendered thee,
Its grateful impulse, and employ.

O glorious kingdom! when thy reign
Shall be o'er hearts that love thee well;
And truth and justice shall maintain,
Their right in every home to dwell.

Come to us Lord! our wills subdue,
By loving tenderness and care;
Through Christ the Lord our souls renew,
And ever reign supremely there.

Our hearts are thine, Lord! take thy throne!
Counsel, uphold, and guide us home;
Make thought, and will, and hope thine own,
O let in us, Thy Kingdom Come!

CCCXXXV.

GOD'S WILL THE BEST.

"*Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in Heaven.*"—Matt. vi. 10.

To do thy Will with ardent love,
 To know, and feel thy power to bless,
Is the true joy of life above,
 Heaven's everlasting happiness!

O perfect will, and perfect way,
 What bliss to love the pure and good!
With heartiness of zeal obey,
 And live a life of gratitude.

Great God, we fain thy will would do,
 As Saints and Angels do in Heaven;
Be holy, happy, cheerful, true,
 Thankful for every mercy given!

For the dear sake of Christ thy Son,
 Our sins forgive, thy love bestow;
That as in Heaven thy will is done,
 We so may do it here below!

CCCXXXVI.

GOD'S DAILY PROVIDING.

"*Give us this day our daily bread.*"—Matt. vi. 11.

GIVE us this day our daily bread!
Great God, our present wants supply;
About our path thy blessings spread,
And guide our footsteps tenderly.

Happy for those whose wants and cares,
Are bounded by what thou dost give;
Who trust to thee all life's affairs,
And on thy daily bounty live.

How blessed they whose hearts are set,
To keep thy holy will indeed;
Who, without murmur, or regret,
Leave all, to go where thou dost lead.

O give us, Lord, a heart so true,
A faith by Thee so nourished;
That we with joy thy will may do,
And wait on Thee for Daily Bread!

CCCXXXVII.

GOD'S FORGIVING,—OUR EXAMPLE.

"*Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.*"—Matt. vi. 12.

FORGIVE our trespasses, O Lord,
Our oft forgetfulness of thee,
Our little heed to thy good Word,
Our carelessness of memory.

How prone to sin are our weak hearts,
How far away from thee we live,
What little joy thy love imparts;
For the Lord Jesus' sake forgive!

And help us, Lord, by thy rich grace,
To pity, and to pardon too,
All who the law of love transgress,
And to us wrong, or mischief do.

O teach and bless us! that we may
Forgive, as we would be forgiven;
And guide us so through all our way,
That we at length may rest in Heaven.

CCCXXXVIII.

GOD ONLY KEEPETH FROM TEMPTATION.

"*Lead us not into temptation.*"—Matt. vi. 13.

O LEAD us not, great God, we pray,
Temptations grievous trial through;
Lest our poor hearts beguiled astray,
Things hateful in thy sight should do.

Without thine aid, how weak we are,
How heedless of surrounding ill;
At every step we need thy care,
And strength to do thy blessed will.

Then lead us not, for Jesus' sake,
Through sad temptation's grief, and shame;
But help us sin's foul snares to break,
And magnify thy holy name!

And bless us with thy guiding love,
Through Christ our Lord, so full and free;
That all life's discipline may prove,
A course of joyful liberty!

CCCXXXIX.

GOD ALONE DELIVERETH FROM SIN.

"*Deliver us from evil.*"—Matt. vi. 13.

DELIVER us from evil, Lord,
Restrain and comfort us, and bless!
Teach us to mark and learn thy word,
And guide us through this wilderness.

For near at hand, on every side,
Temptation seeks our hearts to win;
And waywardness of life and pride,
Would fain betray us into sin.

Lord, we would please and follow thee,
And gladly do thy blessed will;
Our teacher and our helper be,
Thy law and counsel to fulfil.

Deliver, O deliver us,
From evil, till life's dangers cease;
Hold thou us up, that we may thus,
Attain to everlasting peace.

CCCXL.

GOD'S RIGHT OF RULE.

"*Thine is the kingdom.*"—Matt. vi. 13.

THINE is the kingdom, mighty Lord,
And universal thy command;
All things obey thy regal word,
And own the impress of thy hand.

We joy, O Lord, at thy control,
We feel thy right supreme to reign;
And pray thee, in each ransomed soul,
Thy kingdom ever to maintain.

For the Lord Jesus' sake, forgive
Our oft rebellious waywardness;
And grant us grace, O God, to live,
The life that thou wilt own and bless.

O let thy kingdom come of right,
All people to thyself subdue;
And while we serve thee with delight,
Make our devotion pure and true.

CCCXLI.

GOD THE GOD OF GLORY.

"*Thine is the glory.*"—Matt. vi. 13.

Glory to thee, we gladly give
 Our God, through Jesus Christ the Lord;
For by his grace alone we live,
 And know and love thy holy word,

Thine is the glory, bright and pure,
 In heaven, where angels sing thy praise;
And there from sin's sad harm secure,
 Glad souls their sweet hosannahs raise.

O matchless grace! O mighty love!
 That claims all glory as thine own;
Which gave, its blessed truth to prove,
 Thine only, well beloved Son!

Glory to thee, our God and King,
 We sing thy praise with heart and voice;
Our tribute to thy mercy bring,
 And in thy glory, Lord, rejoice!

CCCXLII.

GOD THE GOD OF POWER.

"*Thine is the power.*"—Matt. vi. 13.

ALL thou dost please, thy hand can do,
Great God! thy will and power are one;
And life is thine all nature through,
Where breathes the wind, or shines the sun.

The grandeur of the greatest thing,
The beauty of the smallest flower,
And every gleam of gladness spring
From thy creative call of power.

All hope and blessing, light and life,
Our solace and repose of soul,
Home comforts, and the world's stern strife,
Are subject to thy wise control.

Yet of all power most wonderful,
Thy power to change the sinful heart!
Thy love in Christ so free and full;
Great God how powerful thou art!

CCCXLIII.

GOD, OUR GOD FOR EVER.

"*For Ever. Amen!*"—Matt. vi. 13.

For Ever and For Ever, Lord!
For Ever, mighty King of kings!
The host of heaven, with glad accord
To thee its thankful praises brings.

For Ever and For Ever! swells
The melody of ransomed souls;
And every tone the transport tells,
Which fills the chorus as it rolls!

For Ever and For Ever! rise,
As ages travel swiftly on,
The heart's sweet joy and sacrifice,
For pardoning love through Christ thy Son.

Great God, thy home shall soon be ours,
And we shall serve thee truly then;
For ever praise, with all our powers,
And ever, ever love! Amen!

CCCXLIV.

THE JUDGMENT.

"*The Lord Jesus Christ shall judge the quick and the dead, at his appearing.*' 2 Tim. iv. 1.

WHEN the loud trumpet, shrill and clear,
Calls to new life, the dead,
And judgment set, to thee draw near,
The host unnumbered,
Lord Jesu' Christ!
In joyfulness or dread;

Let every quick returning thought,
Each memory of my heart,
Come with bright hope, and blessing fraught,
And peaceful sense impart,
Lord Jesu' Christ!
Of all thou wast, and art.

And up to meet thee, thankfully,
On buoyant spirit wing,
May I, with love's sweet ecstasy,
To life's perfection spring,
Lord Jesu' Christ!
Praise, evermore, to sing!

CCCXLV.

THE JUDGMENT.

"*We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.*"—Rom. xiv. 10.

WHEN summoned by resistless call,
We stand for judgment, Lord, before thee,
And memory groups its records all,
And hopeful love and joy adore thee,
O pardon, pardon!
And bless, for Christ's sake, we implore thee.

Prepare us for that solemn hour,
By thy good Spirit's teaching, guiding,
And sanctify us by his power,
For all our want and need providing,
Still blessing, blessing!
Our sins in Christ's pure brightness hiding.

O safe repose for faith and love,
On the Lord Jesus' heart relying!
All living here for life above
Unfearing, though there comes the dying;
Then Glory! Glory!
Christ all the bliss of heaven supplying.

CCCXLVI.

TIME NOT A RESTING PLACE.

"*This is not your rest.*"—Micah ii. 10.

My Rest! ah no, this is not rest,
I see and feel it every day,
When by the care of sin opprest,
And I so far from Thee away.

My blessed Lord! I yearn to be
More true and loving, good and pure;
My life a life that pleaseth thee,
My faith more strong, my hope more pure.

I fain would rest myself awhile
In the bright sunlight of thy love,
To hear thy voice, and see thy smile,
And learn the songs they sing above.

And then, O then, to know and feel
The perfect joy, supremely blest,
When heaven shall life in Christ reveal;
My rest, O God, my promised rest!

CCCXLVII.

LIFE A CONFLICT.

"*Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.*"—1 Tim. vi. 12.

LIFE is a battle field,
Where we must dare, and do;
Armour we need, and shield,
And weapons bright and true.

The Lord of Hosts must be,
Our Captain in this war;
Who follow him, shall see
How great his triumphs are.

Our enemies are these,
Satan, the world, and sin;
Nor may we hope for peace,
Till heaven we enter in.

Courage! through Christ, our Lord,
The battle must be won;
And we shall hear his word,
Rest, for the war is done!

CCCXLVIII.

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

"*They desire a better country, that is an heavenly.*"—Heb. xi. 16.

Better, better, Lord, we know
 Is our everlasting home,
Than our dwelling here below;
 Gladly to that joy we come!

Here, uncertain, insecure,
 Comforts gladden, then depart;
There, the pure and good endure,
 Not a sorrow pains the heart.

Christ the Lord our God is there,
 We shall see him face to face;
Need no more the yearning prayer,
 In that holy resting-place.

Better, Lord, O better far,
 That blest home of joy and peace;
Where eternal pleasures are,
 And our praise shall never cease!

CCCXLIX.

THE COMING REST.

"*There remaineth a rest to the people of God.*"—Heb. iv. 9.

THERE remaineth a rest! For all who are weary,
By sin's vexing cares and its sorrows opprest,
Whose pathway is rugged, and toilsome and dreary,
For hearts that are sad, there remaineth a rest. Hallelujah!

There remaineth a Rest! The soul that confesseth
How feeble its service to Christ at the best;
To whom the world's promise no solace possesseth,
What gladness to know there remaineth a rest. Hallelujah!

There remaineth a Rest! Though hopes oft deceive us,
Friends fail or desert us, and foes may molest;
While our own wayward hearts so trouble and grieve us,
God's people shall find there remaineth a rest. Hallelujah!

There remaineth a Rest! Eternally glorious!
With brightness and pureness of perfectness blest;
Where souls from life's conflicts emerging victorious,
Rejoice in the joy of the infinite rest. Hallelujah!

CCCL.

NEARNESS TO HEAVEN.

"*Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.*"—Rom. xiii. 11.

NEARER to Heaven! then shadows are fleeing,
For heaven is daylight, all brightness and joy!
And the real and the true, in perfectness seeing,
Our hearts shall rejoice in God's blessed employ.

Nearer to Heaven! then sorrows all ending,
The discord of life and its troubles shall cease;
While ever, in knowledge and pureness ascending,
Our souls shall repose in God's infinite peace.

Nearer to Heaven! then sin shall be ended,
The grief of its presence and power be o'er;
And we, by Christ's watchfulness cheered and defended,
Be vexed by its sadness and torment no more.

Nearer to Heaven! then God's love possessing,
For ever and ever with holiness blest!
Thanksgiving and honour, and glory, and blessing,
Shall be the glad song of our heavenly rest!

CCCLI.

BETTER TO BE WITH CHRIST.

"*To be with Christ, which is far better.*"—Phil. i. 23.

Better, far better, than the bright array
Of sun, and moon, and every sparkling star;
From time and all disturbing things away,
To be with Christ. O better, better far!

Better, far better, than the joy which springs
From promisings which so delusive are;
To soar above, on faith's rejoicing wings,
To be with Christ. O better, better far!

Better, far better, than the clouded sight,
So hindered and perplexed by fears and care;
Repose of pure and perfected delight,
To be with Christ. O better, better far!

Better, far better, than of blessings best,
Beyond the world's unceasing toil and jar,
Infinite peace, and everlasting rest,
To be with Christ. O better, better far!

CCCLII.

THE COMING JOY.

"*Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.*"—1 Cor. ii. 9.

Not yet! not here! our gracious Lord,
Can heart conceive the joy,
With which in heaven thou art adored;
How sweet its loved employ!

Not here can eye behold the light
That shines around thy throne,
Clothing, with beauty exquisite,
Each holy, happy one!

Nor yet, may ear attempt to hear,
In Babel-world like this,
The angel voices rising clear,
In melody of bliss!

Not yet! not here! but it will come,
The hearing, sense and sight;
And we shall rest in our new home,
With infinite delight!

CCCLIII.

THE REWARD OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

"*Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be. Blessed are they that do his commandments.*"—Rev. xxii. 12, 14.

AROUND the glorious throne above,
The happy angels stand;
Their life all thankfulness and love,
Their pleasure, God's command!

And ransomed ones, escaped from care,
Sin over, sorrows past,
Before his feet, who reigneth there,
Their crowns with rapture cast.

O blessed life! O peaceful home!
Which thou our God wilt give,
To all who by repentance come,
And in the Saviour live.

We come, we come, through Christ our Lord!
O let thine help be given,
And we receive the large reward,
Eternal joy in heaven!

CCCLIV.

HEAVEN—ITS SONG.

"*And they sung a new song, saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.*"—Rev. v. 9, 13.

To come before thee, Lord, with praise,
How good it is and right;
The song of grateful hearts to raise,
An ever new delight!

With thankfulness we trace in this,
O Lord, the coming joy
Of heaven, with all its holy bliss,
And sanctified employ.

The bounding spring of souls at peace,
The voice and gush of love;
The rapture, never more to cease,
Of home, with thee, above.

O happy life! O joyous song!
O blessedness supreme!
Th' eternal concord, sweet and strong,
Christ all its source and theme!

CCCLV.

HEAVEN—ITS PRAISE.

"*I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne: saying, with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and blessing.*"—Rev. v. 11, 12.

How dutiful, O Lord, to bring
To thee our constant praise;
How pleasant, Lord, in everything,
Our thankful songs to raise!

Great God, if such a life as this,
May have such joy in thee,
How blessed and how full the bliss
Of heaven itself must be!

O the sweet purity and peace,
Of the soul's sheltered home,
Where thankfulness will never cease,
And sorrow cannot come!

How holy, and how true the joy,
Eternal and divine!
Praise, ever praise, the loved employ;
Life, love, and praise all thine!

CCCLVI.

HEAVEN—ITS LIGHT.

"There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light."—Rev. xxii. 5.

We look to thee, O Lord, to thee,
From this dark world of sin,
And pray thee, for Christ's sake to be,
A light our souls within.

A light to lighten, lest we stray,
To cheer the path we tread,
To chase all shadowing care away,
And hope around us shed!

Hope of the life, so bright and pure,
So full of blessedness!
By thy sweet love prepared and sure,
Thy ransomed ones to bless!

A life of light in Christ the Lord!
Himself its joy and light;
O ever be thy grace adored,
For love so infinite!

CCCLVII.

HEAVEN—ITS PURITY.

"*There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.*"—Rev. xxi. 27.

THROUGH every hindrance of the flesh,
Its varied care and fear,
The spirit turns, O Lord, afresh,
To heaven's pure atmosphere.

How sweet to know the time will come,
When, from defilement free,
In thine own glorious, happy home,
Our souls at peace shall be.

No more alarm, or painful doubt,
No act or thought of sin,
No sad beguilement from without,
Or treachery within.

O blessed joy of endless rest!
Christ's perfect fulness known;
His likeness on our souls imprest,
His purity our own!

CCCLVIII.

HEAVEN—ITS PEACE.

"*God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.*"—Rev. xxi. 4.

How precious, Lord, thy teachings are,
The guidance of thy love;
Thy constant help, and watchful care,
To lead our souls above.

Yet do we yearn for better things,
For heaven's own tranquil peace;
The joy that from thy presence springs,
The songs that never cease.

O blessed home! where happy souls
Life's conflict feel no more;
Where not one wave of sorrow rolls,
And sin and pain are o'er.

O let there be, for Jesus' sake,
Such mercy to us given,
That we, O Lord, may all partake,
The holy peace of heaven!

CCCLIX.

HEAVEN—ITS REST.

"*There remaineth a rest for the people of God.*"—Heb. iv. 9.

How often, Lord, the pain of life,
 Is very hard to bear;
So sad the tumult of its strife,
 The sin, and toil, and care!

Then, gracious God, the troubled heart
 Its solace finds in thee;
Thy comfortings true peace impart,
 And soul-serenity.

And our sweet hope is, Lord, to come,
 Life's care and trouble o'er,
To dwell in thine own blessed home,
 At rest, for evermore!

O rest, sweet rest, in heaven for aye!
 All sin and sorrow past!
For Christ's sake bless us, that we may
 This Rest enjoy at last!

CCCLX.

HEAVEN—ITS SECURITY.

"*His servants shall serve him, and they shall see his face,—and they shall reign f ever and ever.*"—Rev. xxii. 3—5.

While walking here, with halting feet,
Short sight, and knowledge small;
And fears, on every side, we meet,
Uncertainty in all;

Our hearts ascend in warm desire
To heaven's glad life of rest,
Where songs of praise will never tire,
And love has endless zest.

Great God, to be where thou dost dwell,
For ever in thine eye,
Where holy ones thy praises tell,
Is sweet security!

O joy indeed! glad life of peace!
Our hope through every care!
To know that when life's troubles cease,
Our home is ready there!

CCCLXI.

HEAVEN—ITS COMPANY.

"*Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and ople, and nation, and hast made us unto our God, kings and priests.*"—Rev. v. 9, 10.

How glad the glorious company,
O Lord, before thy throne;
Life's infinite variety,
All blended into one!

Ten thousand times ten thousand there,
In free and full release;
Not one sad heart, one throb of care,
But all in perfect peace.

Gladness indeed, thy face to see,
Christ's perfectness to know;
To serve, a grateful melody!
Rest, loving zeal to show!

Help us, O Lord, for Christ's dear sake,
To cleave so unto thee,
That of thy joy we may partake,
In this glad company!

CCCLXII.

HEAVEN—ITS FELLOWSHIP.

"*These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb, and in their mouth was found no guile, for they are without fault before the throne of God.*"—Rev. xiv. 4, 5.

O BLESSED hope of joy to come,
The fellowship how sweet,
When in their new and happy home,
God's ransomed ones shall meet!

How glad the greeting and delight,
Where Christ's own face is shown;
When faith is changed to perfect sight,
And all his wisdom known!

How wonderful! to learn, and trace
That all was mercy here;
All loving-kindness, truth, and grace,
To help, and guide, and cheer!

O blessed life of thankfulness,
From sin and sorrow free;
Great God, our souls so keep and bless,
That this our joy may be!

CCCLXIII.

HEAVEN'S HALLELUJAH.

"I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia: Salvation, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God."—Rev. xix. 1.

Loud hallelujahs, evermore ascending,
From countless hosts, before thy footstool bending;
Sweet voices, joyfulness of heart expressing,
Fill the bright courts of heaven, with thanks and blessing!

Exchanged the life of shadowing care and sadness,
For pure and holy blessedness, and gladness;
How full of ecstasy of bliss the praises,
Which heaven's great company for ever raises!

Praise unto thee, for mercy past the telling,
All thought, and word, and feeling, far excelling;
To thee, for love in Christ, so sweet and glorious,
O'er time, and sin, and death, and hell victorious!

Our God and Father! with glad hearts and voices,
We join the Church above, which so rejoices;
Our hallelujahs with theirs rising ever,
Beginning here the song which endeth never!

CCCLXIV.

HEAVEN'S GLORY.

"*And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the Sun neither of the Moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.*"—Rev. xxi. 22, 23.

O BEAUTIFULLY bright! O exquisitely pure!
True source of heart-delight; unchangeably secure!
Glad promise of our home, by God our Father given;
The blessed rest to come! the calm and bliss of heaven!

Time's battle fought and won! the everlasting peace!
Life's anxious turmoil done; sweet songs that never cease!
O exquisitely pure! O beautifully bright!
The home and solace sure! heaven's glory infinite!

No sad farewell to say, no sorrows to repress,
No tears to wipe away, or failures to confess;
The soul all free from sin, from waywardness and doubt;
Hope's sunshine warmth within, God's comforting without!

Christ's verity of love in all its fulness shown!
Its changelessness to prove! its blessedness our own!
O promise of delight! our perfect triumph sure!
Life beautifully bright! love exquisitely pure!

CCCLXV.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, BEGINNING AND END OF ALL THINGS.

"*I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord.*"—Rev. i. 8.

O GLORIOUSLY good! supremely great!
Our blessed Lord and Saviour, we adore thee!
With all our want and weakness, on thee wait,
And reverently bow our souls before thee.

All things that are, or ever were, are thine,
Beginning, Lord, in thee, and in thee, ending;
Upheld, and guarded by thy power divine,
And on thy wisdom, and thy will, depending.

Thou gracious Lord of mercy, and of love,
The source of all our hopes, and every blessing;
Direct and help us, while to thee above,
Our pilgrim-steps, with earnest hope are pressing!

O peaceful joy for our enfranchised souls!
Through heaven's sweet perfectness of life ascending;
Where everlasting tide of praises rolls,
Beginning, Lord, to thee! and with thee ending!

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